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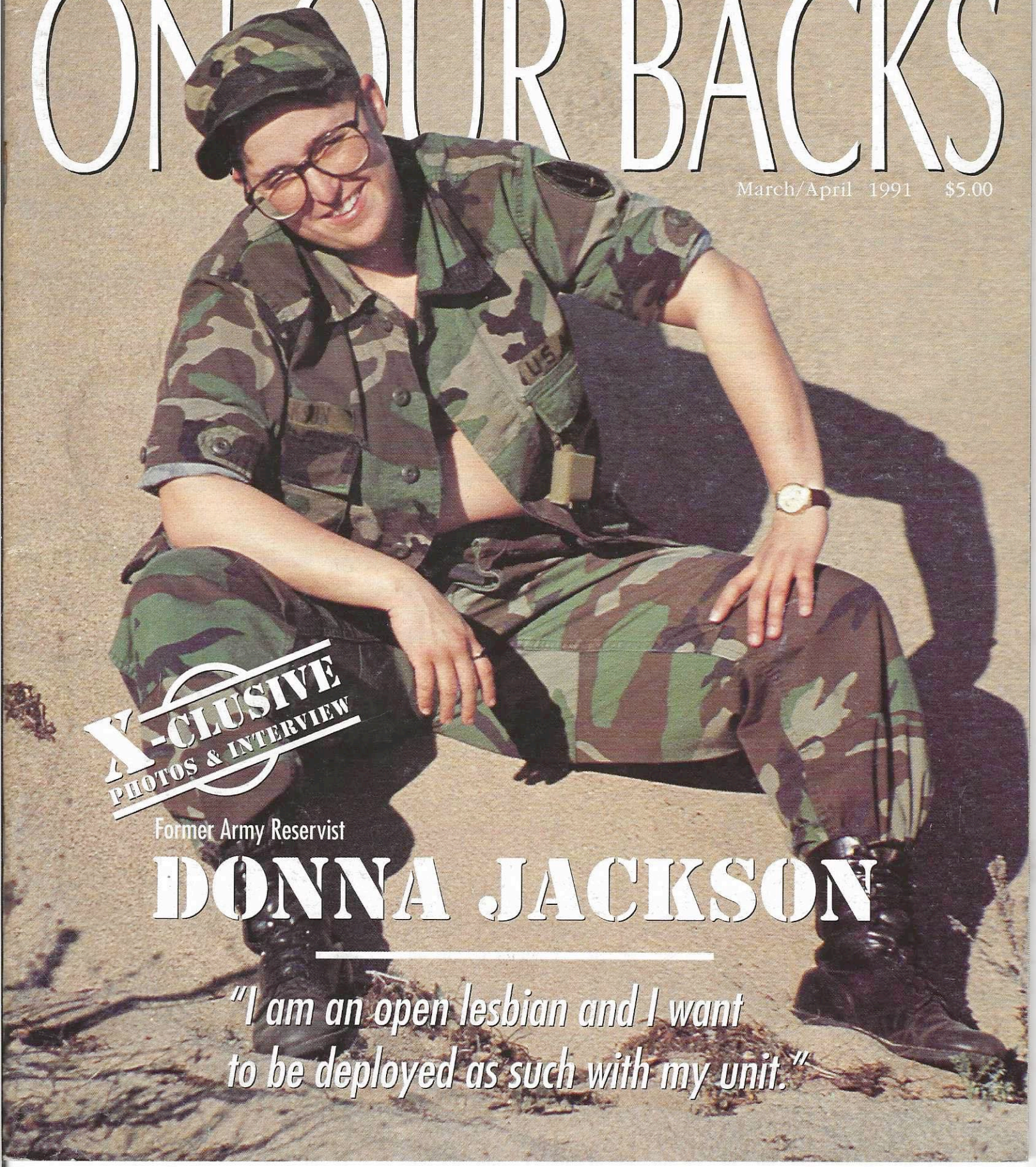

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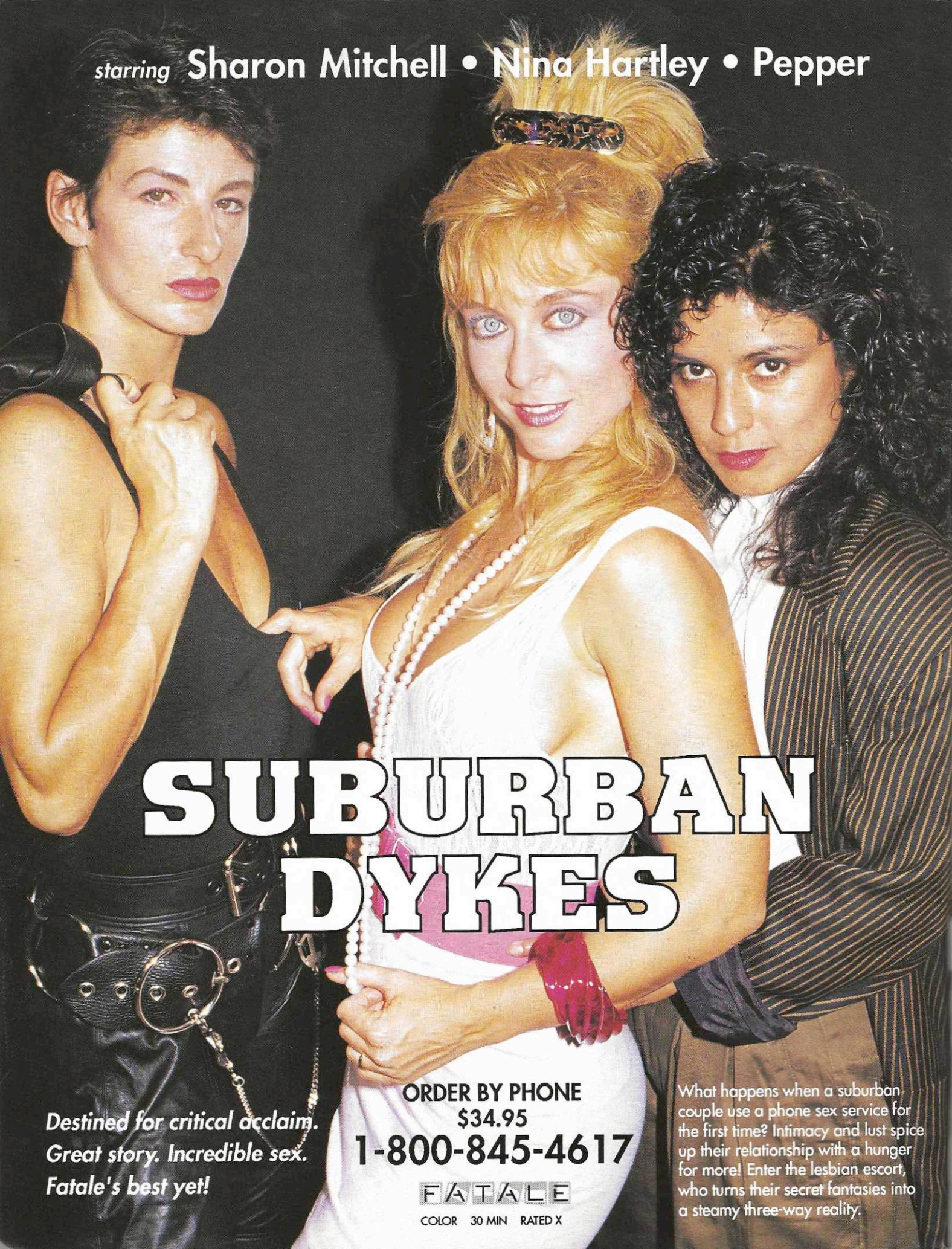
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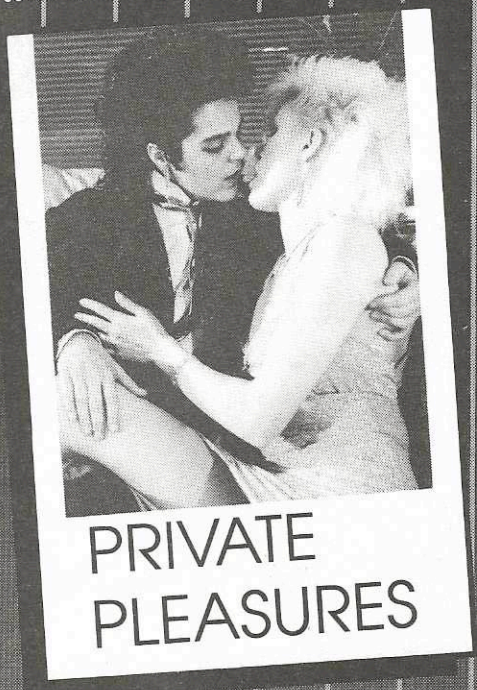

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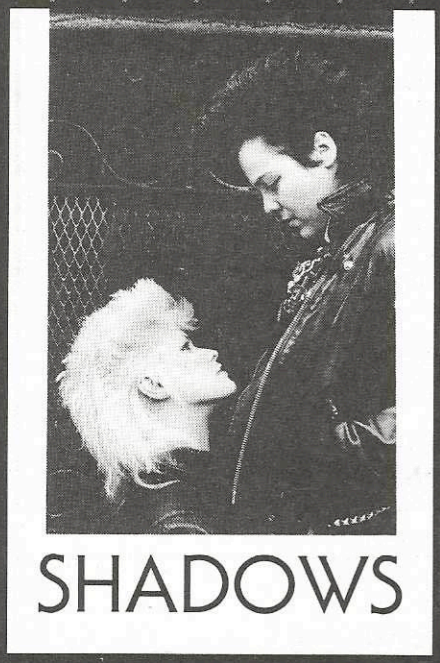

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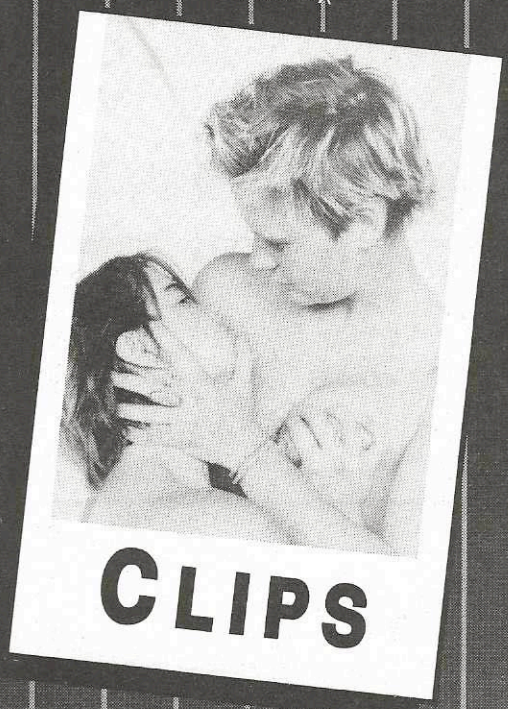

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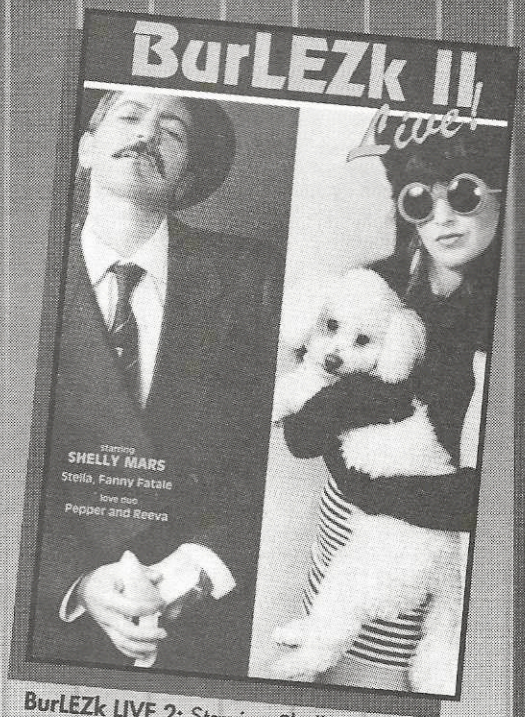

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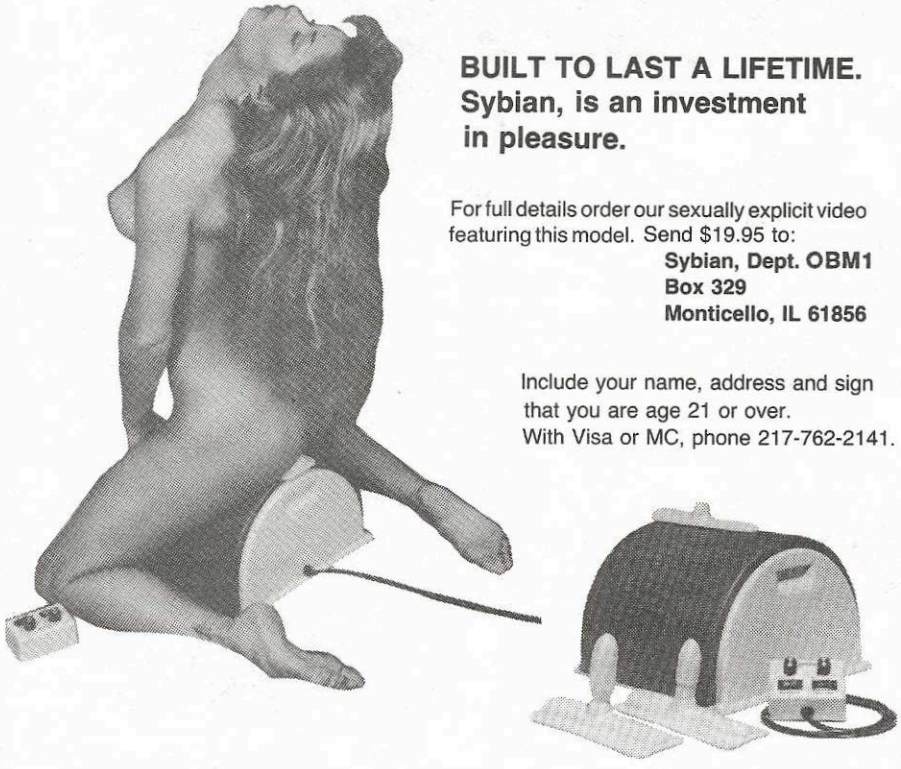

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ON OUR BACKS

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Vol.7 No. 4 March/April 1991

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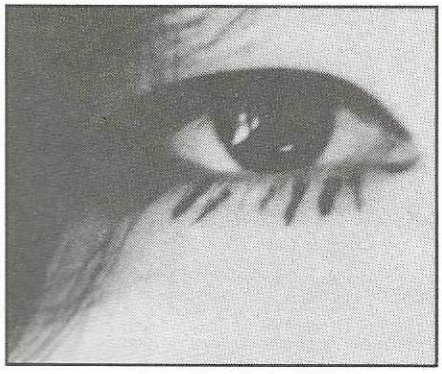

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Marcy Sheiner edits and writes fiction, except when the truth is stranger.

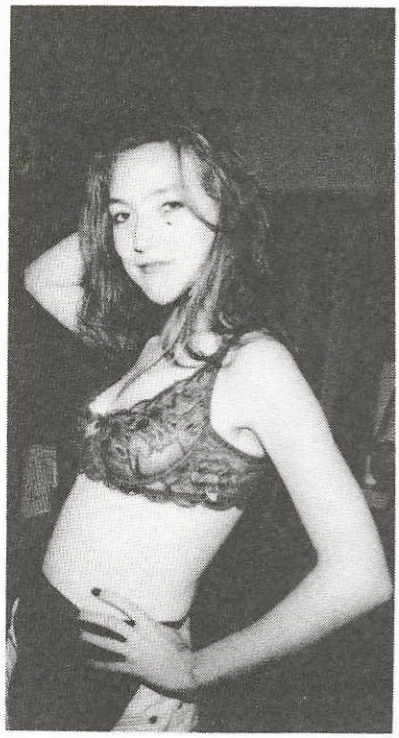
"Packin' It" is about the politically incorrect, albeit real feelings I experienced through jacking off my dick," says **Stud Edda.** "I mean, dildo; no, dick!" No Dick? Stud Edda is a girl's best friend and she appears on a regular basis through a woman who'd rather not make moves on any one.

The only photo of herself that Marcy Sheiner ever liked.

Greta Christina says, "Cruise girls, not missiles."

Dominique Dagmarr lives on the upper westside of New York City. Paper pusher by day, sanctimonious witch by night. Corrupted by American society—redeemed by lesbianhood. Blessed with a passionate soul, good heart, and ravenous libido. A nouveau-funky-conservative bitch.

New Yorker **Jan Richman** teaches at Brooklyn College, where she encourages her students to use words like "undulating" and "lubricity" in their essays and business letters.



The Bra-Wonder Girl—Monet Clark

Mary James enjoys writing at home in the suburbs where her coffee breaks are monitored only by her two cats and can be as stimulating as she chooses.

Kris Kovick is studying pig latin and is sharing her knowledge with us: "Did you know that East Bay translates as Beast? And Alice Faye is pig latin for Phallus." Put that right under "Come here often?"

From dildos to donuts, who you gonna call? **Who Else? Productions.**

Christie Carr, a Southern California girl gone north, is a working photographer who is always documenting women loving women. She has a passion for young pussy, outrageous pranks, and is ever available! Meet her on Castro Street!

Monet Clark lives, works, and plays in San Francisco. She's always looking for models, so if you're in the area contact Monet c/o *On Our Backs.*

On the transsexual side . . . .

Fanny's reply to "Cock Thirsty" (*Ask Fanny*, September/October 90) confuses transsexualism, transvestism and homosexuality. Apparently, Fanny doesn't understand these distinctions. Furthermore, to encourage someone to get transsexual information from a gay hotline is inappropriate.

Transsexualism is not a dream or a fantasy, nor is it something that comes and goes. I am a transsexual who has always been and always will be male. It isn't an issue of "penis or no penis" and far more than an "I wish" game. The key to transsexualism is consistency. That's why two years of psychological preparation is necessary. Yes, everyone indulges in erotic fantasy, but that is not the same thing. Gender identity is not about having a sex toy.

My journey has been difficult, and I wouldn't encourage anyone else to take it unless they are determined, dedicated and consistent. My life is more than 100% improved. I am married, productive, and well-received in my community as a male. I have no wish to identify with my past. I've dealt with the issues to let go of it. I am happy, healthy, and terrific. So please take the time to explore these issues more carefully in the future.

Jim
San Francisco, CA

Fanny's advice to "Cock Thirsty" was outrageous, insulting, and infuriating. Obviously, she does not understand the issue of transsexualism/gender dysphoria.

To begin with, the condition is organic rather than "hysterical." Because it occurs within the realm of sexuality, it is misunderstood and avoided by medical professionals as well as the general public.

Her flippant attitude about going through "two years of psychoanalysis to convince the doctors you will commit suicide if you can't free the other sex trapped in your body" is appalling. This is the same attitude I encountered in dealing with the first heterosexual male psychiatrist at the beginning of my treatment. Am I to surmise that Fanny thinks like an insecure straight man? The lengthy period of analysis is meant to prevent those people who aren't truly gender dysphoric from undergoing therapy which will not help them. As to the alleged "hysterics over a sex toy," the majority of FTMs are aware of the surgical limitations they face—specifically the inadequacies of current techniques.

Being a man trapped in a woman's body is oversimplification. As long as most of us can remember, we have been male-identified. Some of us may have tried to fit in by playing the roles which patriarchal society defined for us, but it didn't work. From my own experience, I can tell you that denial of one's gender identity is unhealthy. I was in almost constant therapy throughout childhood to "correct" a number of problems which were in fact gender-based. I prayed each night that when I awoke the next morning I'd be a boy. I felt betrayed by the onset of menstruation.

I had positive female role models in childhood, but could not identify with them. If gender dysphoria had been understood in the 1960s, the world might have been a better place for many of us. Once the correct diagnosis of my condition was made, the myriad problems which had plagued me since childhood vanished.

Regarding the video *Linda/Les & Annie*, I agree with Fanny that the "male privilege" Les speaks of is crap. For the 14 years I have lived as a man, I have never experienced this. He does not represent the majority of the FTM community. I also agree with her placing the blame for more effective vaginoplasty than phalloplasty/genitoplasty on patriarchal society.

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

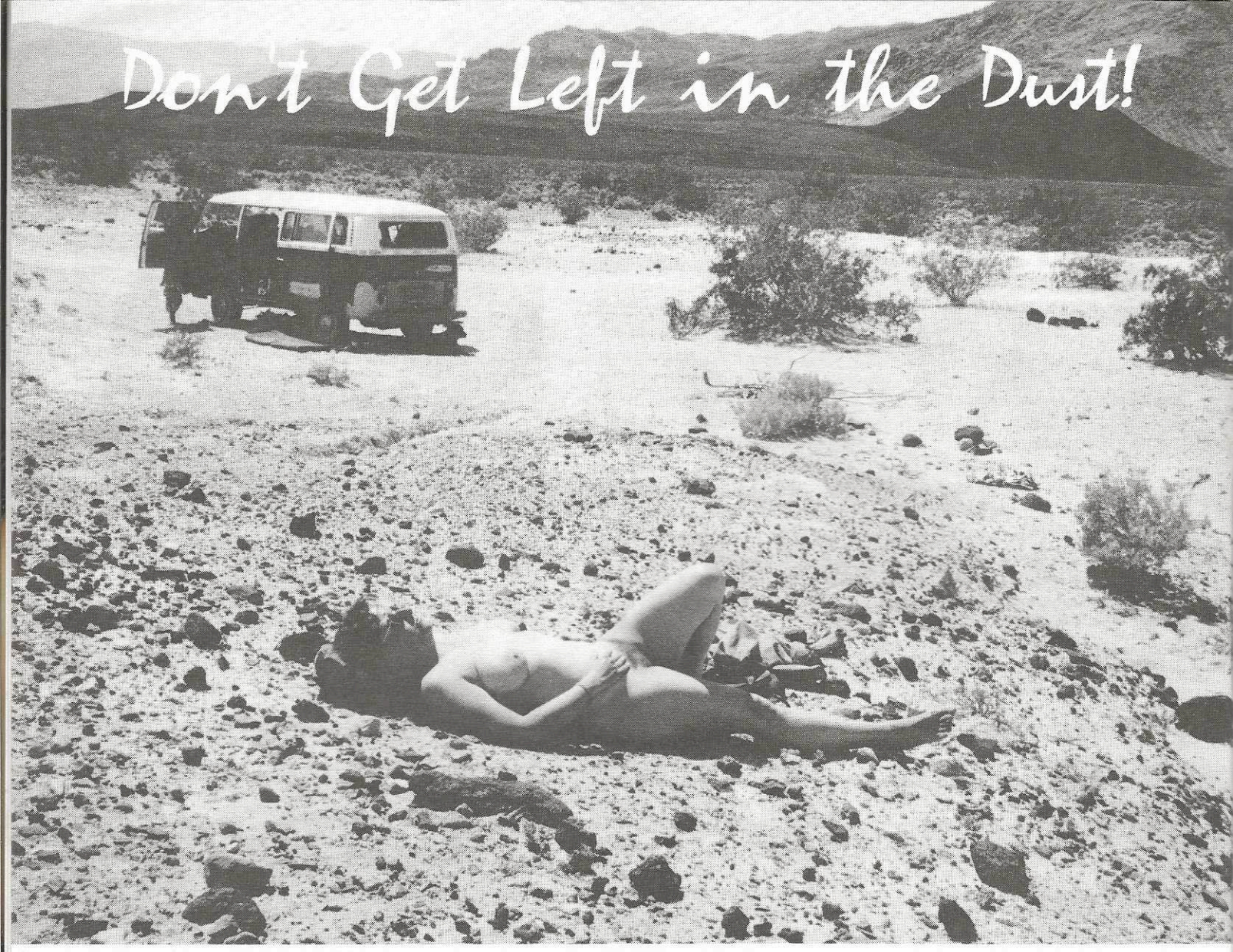
Lesbians And Bisexuals In Action attend a peace march in San Francisco

No self-respecting lesbian would give up her life as a woman to become "the enemy." Unless I've missed something, one of the aspects of lesbianism is being a woman who loves women as a woman. From my own experiences, a lesbian is proud to be a woman, and not in need of surgically becoming a man.

It seems the gay/lesbian community knows so little about our concerns. Bigotry stinks, regardless of whether the bigot is the oppressor or the oppressed. We do not seek to convert anyone to transsexualism—only to educate.

Cory West
Bronx, NY

(continued on page 7)



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Fanny Responds: *The point of my answer was to bring to light issues of female masculinity and gender bending. Hard playing gender benders do wish at times they had the real equipment, and I wanted to validate their desires by linking them to cosmetic surgery and some futuristic "what ifs". I admit that I was unaware of transsexual issues and regret labeling the letter Transsexual Trauma. My comment, "hysterics over a sex toy" was directed, albeit sloppily, at those with sexually ignorant attitudes, not transsexuals. All of us at On Our Backs have since received a healthy education about female-to-male transsexuals thanks to our fiction editor Marcy Sheiner. Her well-researched feature article appears in this issue.*

For more information about FTMs, contact the following organizations: FTM, 1827 Haight St. #164, San Francisco, CA 94117 or Crystal Club, PO Box 16235, Columbus, OH 43216.

LOOK! A RAPIST . . . . . .

If I am to believe Melissa Claire, who wrote "Men who read your magazine are no better than rapists" (*Letters,* November/December 90) then I must conclude that I am no better than a rapist either. I wonder how many other women have ever thumbed through a magazine labeled "Entertainment for Men" looking for pictures of sexy women. Gay men must also think me evil for enjoying *Drummer.* But I would never force anyone, female or male, to have sex without their consent. Nor would my straight male friends, who support an individual's right to her/his own sexual orientation. They're the ones who introduced me to your magazine. Maybe Claire really doesn't hate men, but I think her views help to perpetuate hatred between the sexes.

Claire does arouse some good issues, however. What does it mean to be a magazine FOR a particular audience? She seems to take an exclusive stance: "Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian ONLY." Are non-adventurous lesbians allowed? My interpretation merely says the magazine's contents are intended to appeal to that particular group; reader be warned. I'd like to know how other contributors to adult entertainment magazines feel about the focus or restrictiveness of their audience.

Sandy Allen
Pittsburgh, PA

I am writing to protest the comments of Melissa Claire. I read your magazine and I don't think I am raping anyone.

I purchase *On Our Backs* on a regular basis for a variety of reasons. The major one is that your feature articles are always very interesting, such as your interview with Betty Dodson. I also enjoy Susie Bright's observations on sexual politics. Frankly, *On Our Backs* doesn't turn me on. I've got my good old (or bad old, depending on your perspective) heterosexual male-oriented SM/BD pornography for that. But often I find the photos in your publication to be quite beautiful. Whether you or Melissa Claire like it, your magazine has the kind of quality and originality that appeals to an audience beyond the lesbian community.

When I drop by my local porno store in Oakland, yours is the only item there produced for and by women. This is not enough, but it's a start.

I would like women to stop hating me for liking pornography. I'd like women to stop picketing porn stores, and start going inside to demand their share of the goodies. So I buy *On Our Backs*, read it, then give it to some woman I know as a present. I try to find one who has given me a lecture about how horrible pornography is, and why a politically conscious woman would never buy or help produce it. Upon receiving my gift, they're usually shocked. But you know what? It changes them. It throws all their assumptions for a loop. Little by little, progress is made.

I'd like your readers to know that I think rape is a terrible crime. I know this because someone raped me when I was a kid. I don't buy *On Our Backs* to take advantage of women, but because I recognize it as a significant step forward for us all.

M. Matt
Oakland, CA

"I would like women to stop hating me for liking pornography."

Letters should be addressed to Letters Editor, On Our Backs, 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114. Every letter must be accompanied by the sender's name and address and should be printed or typed. Letters may be shortened or edited for clarity.

ASK FANNY

. . . "A BAD CASE OF SEXUAL BOREDOM."

ALL CUDDLE, NO SEX

Dear Fanny: I am suffering from a bad case of sexual boredom and don't know what to do. Frankly, I just don't feel like having sex and neither does my partner. At least we're on the same wave length. We still want affection; we love to cuddle and be close but the uncontrollable desire to fuck my brains out has died. This frustrates me because I usually have a strong, aggressive libido that demands satisfaction. Why is this happening? My lover and I have been together over a year, and I'd say we're in love. We can talk to each other about anything—we've got good communication—but when it comes to sex, I feel so indifferent. I don't even want to bring it up.

Is it possible to have a good consistent sex life with a long-term lover, or is this boredom inevitable? Is it a symptom of something bigger? It's not like we need to play with dildos, open our chakras, or watch porn to "spice up" our lovemaking —we've done all that. Now what?

No more Nasty Girl

Dear Nasty: *When the sex dies, bells and whistles should go off in your mind signaling: WE HAVE A PROBLEM HERE. Whether you choose to fight about it or continue to cuddle and ignore it, you must start talking about this lack of desire. You do not have the good communication you think you do if you cannot or "don't even want to bring it up". Sex toys and fancy sexual maneuvers do lose their luster without the main ingredient: intimacy. The major reason sex dies in a relationship is from damaged intimacy, which occurs from poor communication.*

There is a reason for lack of desire and boredom. Honey, something's bugging you. Could be job stress, money, family problems, body image, or just being too busy. When problems preoccupy our minds, we get self-protective and clam up, which creates distance in the relationship. Times like these bring out our child persona, who wants to be taken care of. When both partners feel withdrawn, no one takes the upper hand and reaches out to offer support. Ironically, talking is what makes you feel better and allows the problems to be worked through. Talking is an act of intimacy and once intimacy is rekindled, partners feel close again. The channels to create warm, loving sex are reopened.

Intimacy is the ingredient that makes any kind of sex, kinky or toyless, retain its spark over the long haul. Intimacy depends on good coping skills, the ability to talk things out, knowing how to relax and managing our stress.

Sex is how intimacy is expressed in a relationship. Sex has a spiritual, emotional, and inspirational quality that keeps us tuned into what makes life worthwhile. That translates into reminding you what turned you on about that girl in the first place, and what's important to you about a relationship.

Sounds like you've been riding the wave of a year long crush. The challenge now is to turn that crush into a relationship. Don't retreat from intimacy; take the plunge. Find out what you and your partner truly want underneath all the busyness, fear and denial—and put it out there assertively. Once you are both understood and appreciated, you'll have laid the groundwork for intimacy and a long term, fulfilling sex life. Stop brooding and start talking before it's too late.

LESBIAN PRE-NUPTIAL

Dear Fanny: Three years ago I met and fell in love with a woman who makes a lot of money. Ideally, I would like to be able to see her half way on expenses, but I am a lowly paid artist and not likely to make any big money soon. She is happy to provide for me and supportive of my work, and I'm happy to have a break from money problems. In fact, I've had fun learning about finance and managing money and she appreciates my input and ideas. Also, because my time is more flexible than hers, I take care of most household chores. She's given me a small percentage of one of her properties as a

gift. But when she talks about her financial plans to her associates and friends, I'm still the outsider. I've seen friends of mine be left on the street with nothing after a break up and the change is traumatic. I want financial and social recognition for the part I've played in her life. Should I present her with a contract?

Dotted Line Dolly

Dear Dotted Dolly: *Lesbian couples can take a few lessons from how the courts view the financial responsibilities of heterosexual marriage or common law partnerships. All income and assets purchased during the marriage are jointly owned and called "communal" property. Assets purchased before the marriage become communal property, unless the couple signs a contract to keep it separate. Inheritance continues as "separate" property. If they split up, community property is divided 50/50, no matter whose income may have bought most of the assets. In addition, if a marriage lasts over seven years, the high income earner can expect to pay 20-40 percent of their income in "spousal support" for up to six years. For children, add another 20-30 percent until age 18. For marriages over 14 years, they can expect to pay spousal support for a lifetime, including 20-40 percent of their retirement benefits, unless in a divorce the supported partner settles for a lump sum pay off.*

The reasoning is each partner should be able to maintain the lifestyle separately that they enjoyed together, albeit cut in half. Splitting up your furniture, your car and your house can be a rude awakening when you realize you are not as wealthy as an individual as you were when coupled.

Paying off some woman you loved 30 years ago out of your retirement money when you have remarried and formed a serious new family relationship is going too far. On the other hand, a few year's payments to ease the transition after a breakup should be mandatory. Too many lesbians think when the relationship's over, that's it. But when you've tied the knot with assets, kids, or one partner doing the domestic role so the other can gain financially, your responsibilities do not end overnight.

I strongly believe lesbian couples would benefit greatly from the ritual of marriage. Making a legal and social commitment to one another clarifies the seriousness of a relationship. Are you committed to helping each other through life in every way, or is the relationship mostly convenience?

You cannot live very long with a wealthy woman and feel like everything in the house including the contents of the checkbook are hers. Quit feeling guilty about sharing her income and be honest with yourself about the financial gain you'd like to realize and the domestic duties you're willing to do. Women are not used to sharing their money and providing financially for others, and it's high time they learned and appreciated what a huge responsibility that is. At the same time, laundry, gardening, housekeeping, bookkeeping and daycare services can equal a full-time salary and are worth recognition and compensation. Make sure she understands that your time around the house allows her more time to make money.

The wonderful thing about a contract is that it is a superb communication tool. Use it to talk about all aspects of the relationship, not just finances. Discuss career goals, domestic duties, and feelings about having children. Most important, what do you love about her that needs to be kept alive and vital over time? A kind of checklist from "it's important you continue to travel and read to stay interesting to me" to "I'd like 10 percent of your home so a few years down the road I can share in a percentage of the profits" is invaluable communication. Use it like a business plan—take it out once a year and see how you're doing. The days are over when you can just get hitched and let the hips spread. Personal partnerships fail when someone gives up, reveals some hidden desire or was viewing the other from behind a veil of dreams.

If you really love this woman and want her support in domestic bliss and achieving your life goals, then start outlining them together. Notarize the financial part and keep the rest around the house for yearly review. Treated positively, your contract and partnership plan is a solid foundation upon which to build a happy and rewarding relationship.

Ladies, send your queries about lesbian life and love to: Ask Fanny, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

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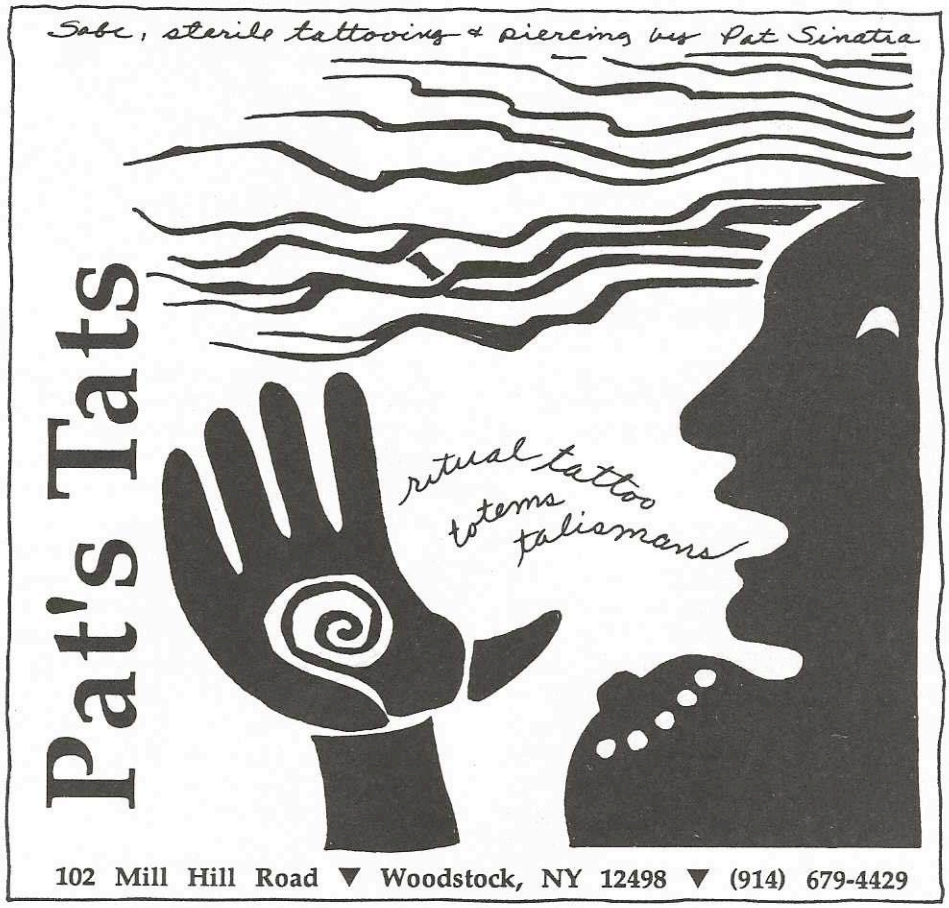
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MUFF-O-MANIA

Bon Appetit!

In seven years of writing about lesbian sex, I have never devoted an essay to oral sex. Obscure sex toys, yes, obstetrics, yes, but cunnilingus no. Why the unlicked silence? I'll spell it out for you: S-T-E-R-E-O-T-Y-P-E. Lesbians are reduced in the public mind to sexless weirdos and do-gooders with one titillating exception: we are reputed pussy lappers par excellence. We're suppose to know the secret of tongue to clit that straight men can only wonder about. Our love making sessions are imagined to be long, luxurious tongue baths that produce multiple orgasms and little tinkling bells in the background. You know how I feel about those tinkling bells—I'd rather rattle a few cunts.

Being eaten out is not a Harlequin romance

My deliberate snub of oral sex as a lesbian pleasure has truly been a political position designed to expand the mainstream idea of what lesbian sex encompasses. It has nothing to do with my personal taste. I have been licked into divine submission and sucked others clits to my heart's content. But it took a timely shock to my system to realize that maybe the stereotype of the lesbian oral expert was not as monolithic as I once thought. In fact, to my horror I have found that this gayest of practices, devoted entirely to pleasure and not to procreation, is in danger of being called a straight man's expertise. Help me Jesus.

Last month I went to the annual porno trade convention in Vegas, a great place to mix and match up with my favorite porn stars. Adult video actress Jeanna Fine, who's been reading *On Our Backs* for five years now, bent my ear to describe her lament in finding hot women lovers. Now this is a girl who has practiced more lesbian sex than your average dyke, but she was complaining that it's a rare day she finds a woman who wants to get down and get serious. She said there is a lot of gooey eyeball-rolling and fainthearted caresses, but little genuine orgasm building. I nodded, thinking I know what it's like to be choosy, when she hit me with the big one. "Now, I just did a movie with Samantha So'n'So," she said, "and she gave almost as good head as a man."

As good as a WHAT? I grabbed hold of her hand and she registered my disbelief. "Well, most of them are squeamish you know. It's not like the girls in *On Our Backs*."

Okay, so maybe the porn trade along with all its other woes, has such a rapid turnover these days that straight little starlets are never around long enough to get initiated and get over their homophobia. But I have a feeling that this remark

SUSIE BRIGHT

gets repeated outside the X-rated trade. There is a grain of truth to this comment because women do not automatically love to eat pussy just because we possess one ourselves. We have to disengage from our early education that our genitals are at best mysterious and at worst, repulsive. When we enjoy the smell and taste of a pussy, our own or anyone else's, it's no small breakthrough.

Eating pussy is aggressive, deliberate, and a tenacious practice—which can all be feminine traits but are more often described as masculine. And being eaten out is not a Harlequin romance. There are no arms around you, no eyes burning into yours. Those eyes are buried in your muff, those arms are spreading your thighs apart. When my first lovers went down on me, I was scared and self-conscious. I thought maybe if I batted my eyes a few times and whispered a couple of breathy moans they would figure I'd been satisfied and rejoin me at the head of the bed. I found out differently from determined cunnilinguists who wouldn't let me either fake it or fade away. I had to either ride their mouths, inhibitions to the wind, until I came, pulling their hair in my hands, or they knew I was passing it up. So I developed a respect for oral sex, not as namby pamby foreplay or as a gesture toward sexual variety, but as a cunt and mind emboldening act.

And what is the difference between men and women as oral sex artists? Well, like other physical comparisons that have been made between the sexes, I would say that men can get the technique down, same as women, but when it comes to sheer stamina.... girls win. One of my favorite photographers for *On Our Backs* told me over martinis at Persian Aub Zam Zam, "Eating pussy for me is like a dream—and I never want to the dream to end."

Don't let me now belittle technique though. I actually have a new theory on tongue technology which I debated with my friend Linda Shirley in Portland, Oregon. Or as she prefers to be addressed in this conversation, "the Magic Tongue of Linda Shirley."

"I think there's too much fuss made about licking just the right millimeter of the your girlfriend's vulva," I told her. "If you're spending fifteen minutes directing traffic: a little to the left, no up, no, not so hard, chin up, nose forward... well I think you're wasting your breath. Going down successfully is about repetition, it's about relentless application of the same stroke over and over again."

(continued on page 38)

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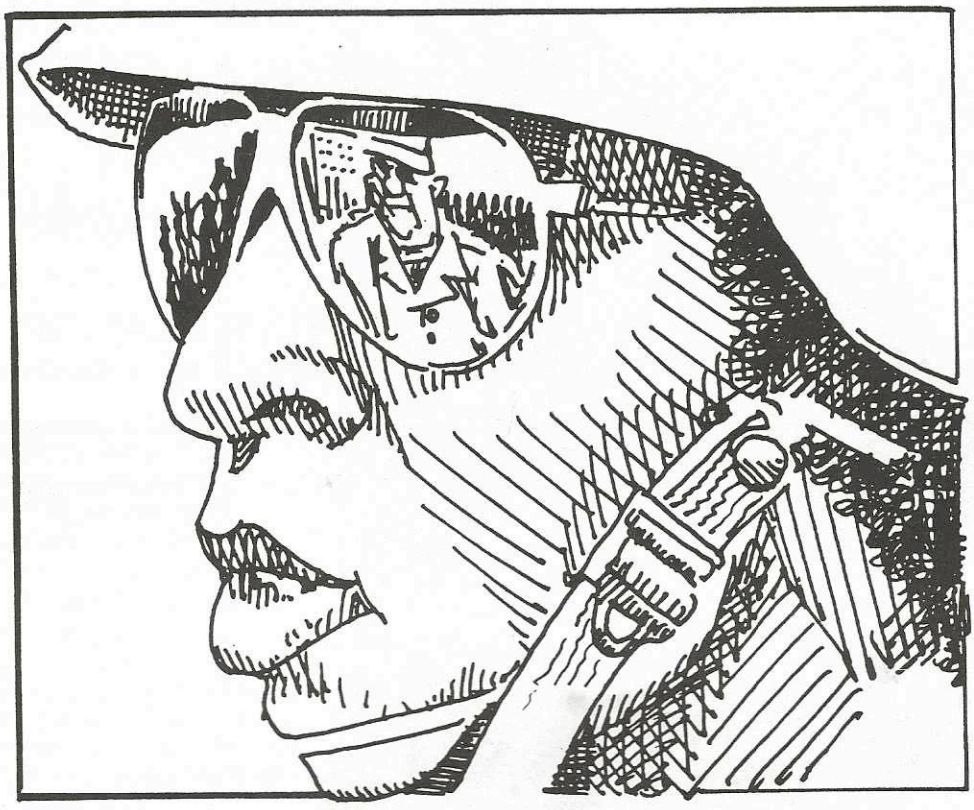


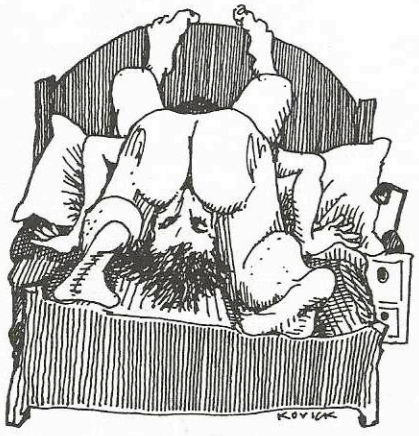
Read My Labia!

No, we don't have a special correspondent in **Saudi Arabia** reporting on the sex lives of lesbians at the front, but that isn't going to stop us from getting our two cents in. The **United States** has gone to war with **Iraq**, not to "liberate" **Kuwait**, but to reinstate a monarchy where women are not even allowed to drive cars, much less vote; where queer sex is prohibited by law and queers have no legal rights or protection. The U.S. government is spending more in two days on this war than it has spent in the last *year* on AIDS. Furthermore, this war is being waged by a military organization—the one we're being asked to support so generously—with a stated policy of uprooting and expelling gays and lesbians from its ranks.

Oh poo, you may say, it isn't like that at all. I know what's happening in the Persian Gulf, I saw it on **CNN**. We hate to break it to you, but if you think the news you're getting about this war is accurate or complete, you'd better think again. The **Pentagon** is imposing more stringent press restrictions for this war than at any other time in history. For security reasons, they keep saying; and yet so many of the issues they refuse to report on, such as the number of civilian casualties, present no conceivable risk to military security. Could it be that they consider a well-informed populace to be a security risk? Could it be that they won't let us have information that might convince us to oppose the war? Is that what they mean by "this won't be another **Vietnam**?"

For these and many other reasons, **On Our Backs** opposes the war in Iraq. We also oppose the censorship surrounding it. We resent being told that we needn't concern ourselves with the facts simply because Daddy knows what he's doing. Ignorance is not acceptable. Whether you support this war or oppose it, demand your right to be a fully-informed participant in the wartime decisions being made.

No Pain, No Gain



HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THAT YOU'RE ALWAYS HUNGRY AFTER SEX? THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE JUST BURNED THE CALORIC EQUIVALENT OF A CHEESEBURGER.

In case you didn't already have enough reasons to fuck like rabbits, a Canadian researcher has come up with a new and rather inventive one. Psychologist **Susan Butt (Sextracts** will refrain from making the obvious smartass remarks) is proposing a different approach to doing the nasty: **Sexercise**.

Butt, a research psychologist at the **University of British Columbia,** believes that couples whose sex lives are on the decline can learn to appreciate sex more by thinking of it as a means of achieving fitness and health. She points out that "sex may be the most basic, intense and frequent form of physical exercise," and adds that "the muscle rigidity that occurs during orgasm is also necessary for outstanding athletic feats." Butt feels that viewing sex as a workout could act as a boost to sexual morale. "It can help [people] get over the emotional ladenness and high, unreasonable expectations they may have," she says. "Relating sex to fitness and fun can unburden people immensely."

Of course, for those of us who feel fine about sex and think exercise is the burden, this approach won't be much of an improvement. But it could inspire some great workout tapes. How about the **Jane Fonda/Raquel Welch Low-Impact High-Voltage Leather Dildo Sexercise Workout?** This could be the beginning of the end for Spandex leotards.

The African Queens

The love that dares not speak its name is saying hello and introducing itself all over the world, and consequently is cropping up in some very hazardous places. The first **gay and lesbian pride parade** to be held on the African continent took place late last year — in Johannesburg, **South Africa**.

According to **Outweek** magazine, roughly 800 lesbians and gay men marched through the Johannesburg streets for the event, which was organized by anti-apartheid leader and gay activist **Simon Nkoli.** South African gay rights groups appear to be very closely connected with the anti-apartheid movement, and **Nkoli** said that the event was very racially mixed: seventy percent white queers and thirty percent people of color. "It was quite a nice mix," he said. "We were pleased with the response from white organizations." No violence was reported, and the organizers plan to have a second march on October 12, 1991.

Although the gay movement in South Africa is still somewhat small, they seem to be off to a good start. If they continue to link their movement with the struggle against racism, they'll have something to teach queer groups around the world.

Very Special Effects

America's anti-porn laws are not only becoming more restrictive—they're also becoming increasingly surrealistic. The **U.S. Supreme Court** recently upheld a **Wisconsin obscenity law** that accepts films and photos portraying simulated sex acts, but prohibits materials that depict actual sexual conduct.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: BREAST, MOUTH, MALE GENITALS, HAND, FEMALE GENITALS, AND YOUNG BUTT.

According to the **Wisconsin** law, the legal distinction between porn that shows bogus sex and porn that shows real sex is valid even if viewers can't tell the difference. This may make for some interesting exercises in law enforcement; it's anyone's guess how the porn police are supposed to separate the fakers from the fuckers if they can't tell just by looking. Who knows? We might soon be hearing some interesting testimony in the Wisconsin courts. "Honest, your honor, that wasn't really my fist in there—it was a camera trick." Wisconsin correspondents, please keep us posted.

Sextracts: Greta Christina **Illustrations: Kris Kovick**

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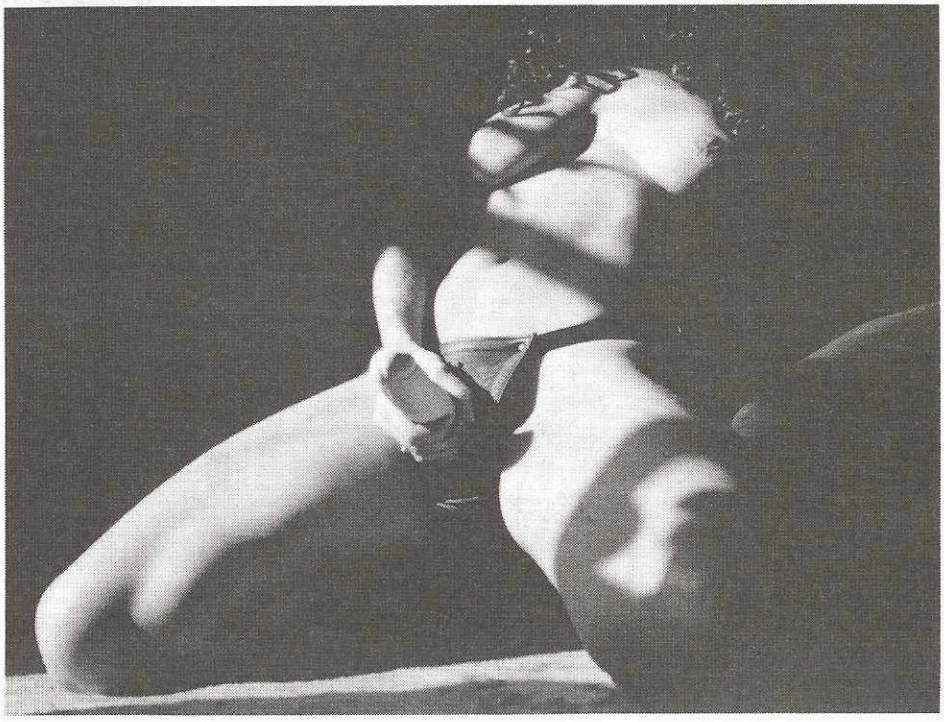
PACKIN' IT



WHO ELSE? PRODUCTIONS

Doin' the rubber love thing

I couldn't believe it myself, but there I was fully lubed and strapped in. Jackin' like I was an old hand at pullin' the pud. (You'll pardon the naturally arising pun.) How nuts I went when I "came" and shot my imaginary load! What could have possessed me to do such a thing?

Firmly packed in my pants, I stroked the bulge

Perhaps it was the unfulfilled rendezvous of the evening that left me with only myself in my hands. I'd come home alone after my date. Sullen and a bit peeved, I sat down and began recounting the plans I'd made for her. Bad idea. It only made me lonelier and served to drive in my solo state. I wouldn't stop, though. My mind kept feeding the libido that was seething. To hell with the physical circumstances. If I couldn't do the "real thing," I'd seriously play it out for myself. No use depriving me any further. I got up from the sofa and went into my room.

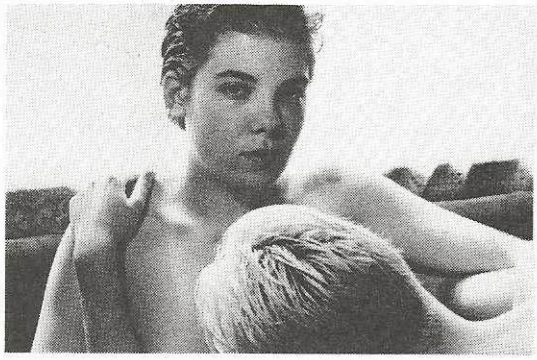
The bottom drawer of my writing desk is reserved for recreation. I opened it and grabbed him from the I LOVE NY plastic shopping bag where he normally rested. There he was, at attention, ready to do my bidding. Just touching the responsive rubber got me excited.

Alright, I have to admit I'd never even "packed it" before that night. But the motivation was strong enough to push the self-conscious feelings of "pretending to be something I'm not" right out of the way. I unzipped my jeans, pulled my underwear away from me and tucked him in. I was especially careful to keep the flat base right between my legs so my own sex would go for a ride. I'd let my clit take the ride I'd planned for my date. My clit's response would direct my bidding, as it usually goes, and would let me know how attentive and tempting of a lover I was. No truth like a trail of hard-earned nature-lube to lead the way.

I zipped up my pants and was proud that my hard-on created resistance to zipping up. Strutting through the house, I watched my reflection in the window from a side-angle view. Sort of the way I did when I awaited the arrival of my breasts in adolescence. Not puberty for me. I've been a late bloomer in most things. Even this experience had taken me almost nine years of queer to work myself up to.

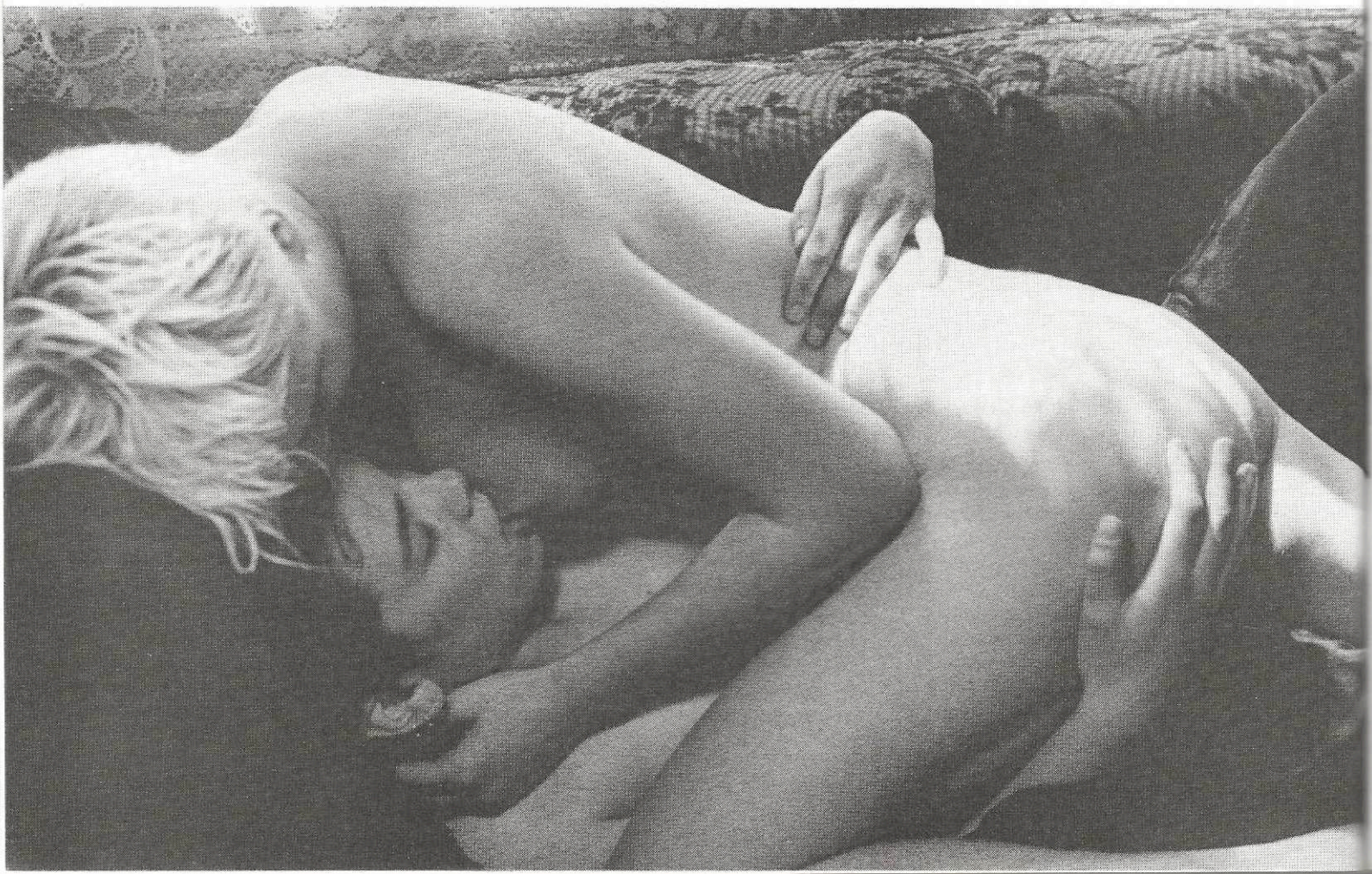
Firmly packed in my pants, I stroked the bulge. Stroked *myself*, as it so comfortably seemed. And the more I touched my dick, the more my clit grew. Competitive bitch that she is. Probably trying to prove her own rock-hard and growing proportions. Poor thing. She'd just have to wait for some attention, the way my date was making me wait. The more I touched him/me through my pants, the wetter I got. Oooo, this was gonna be good! *(continued on page 32)*

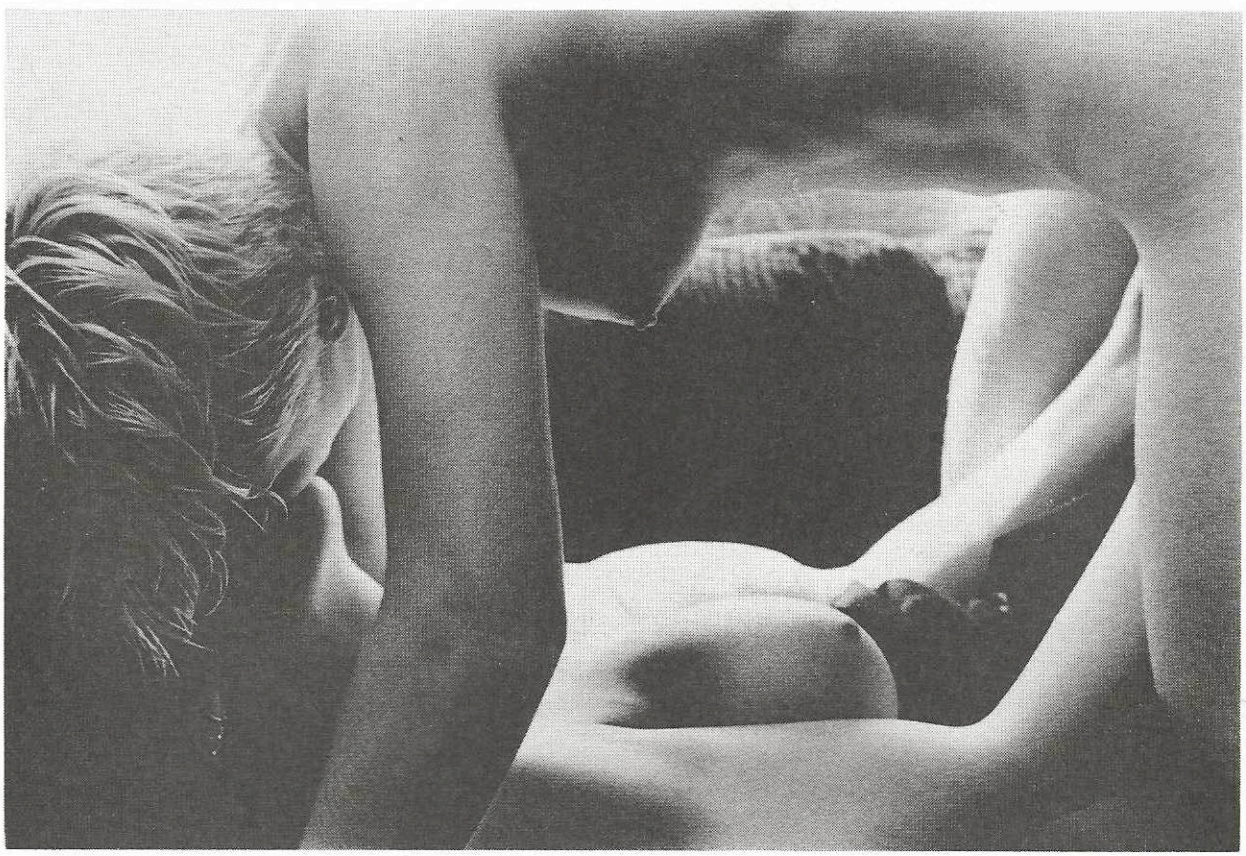
STUD EDDA

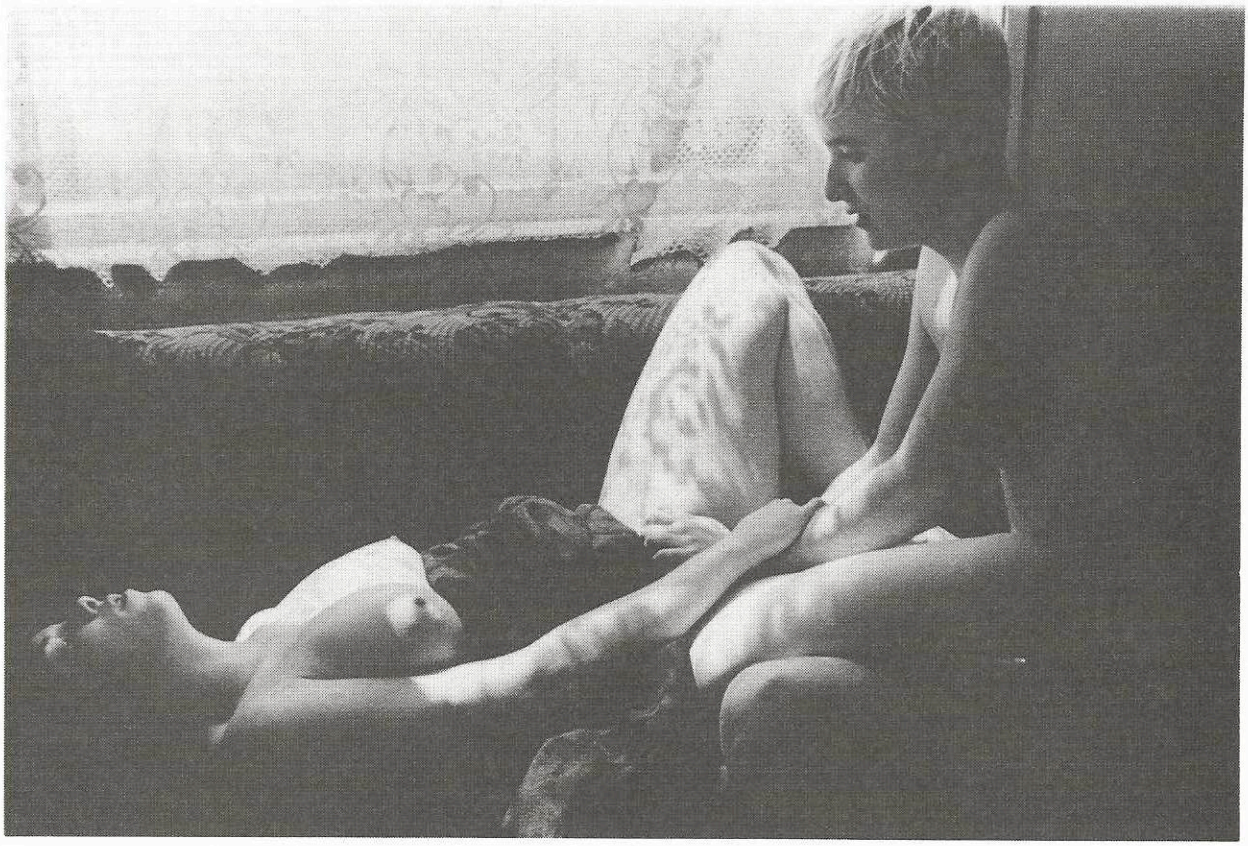


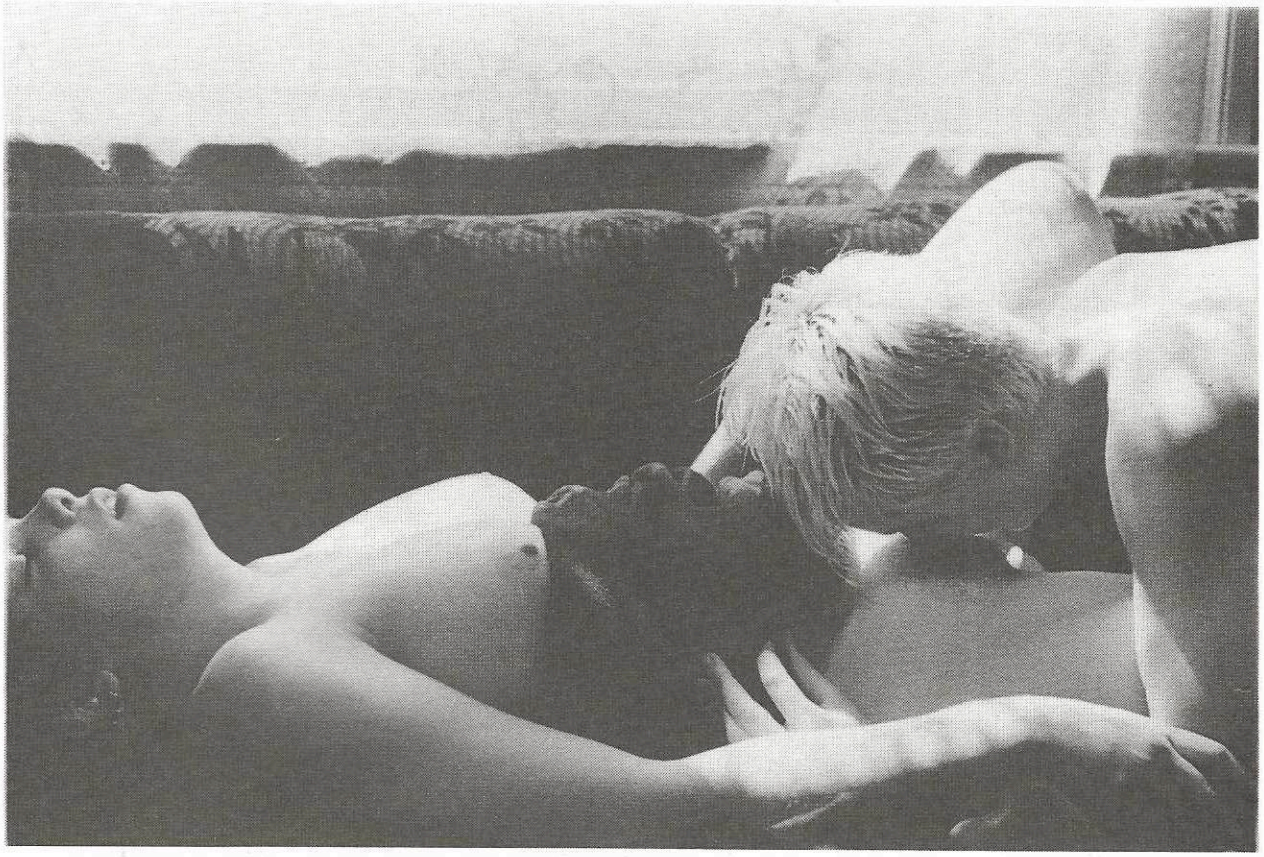
Carson & Adrian

Photos by Monet Clark

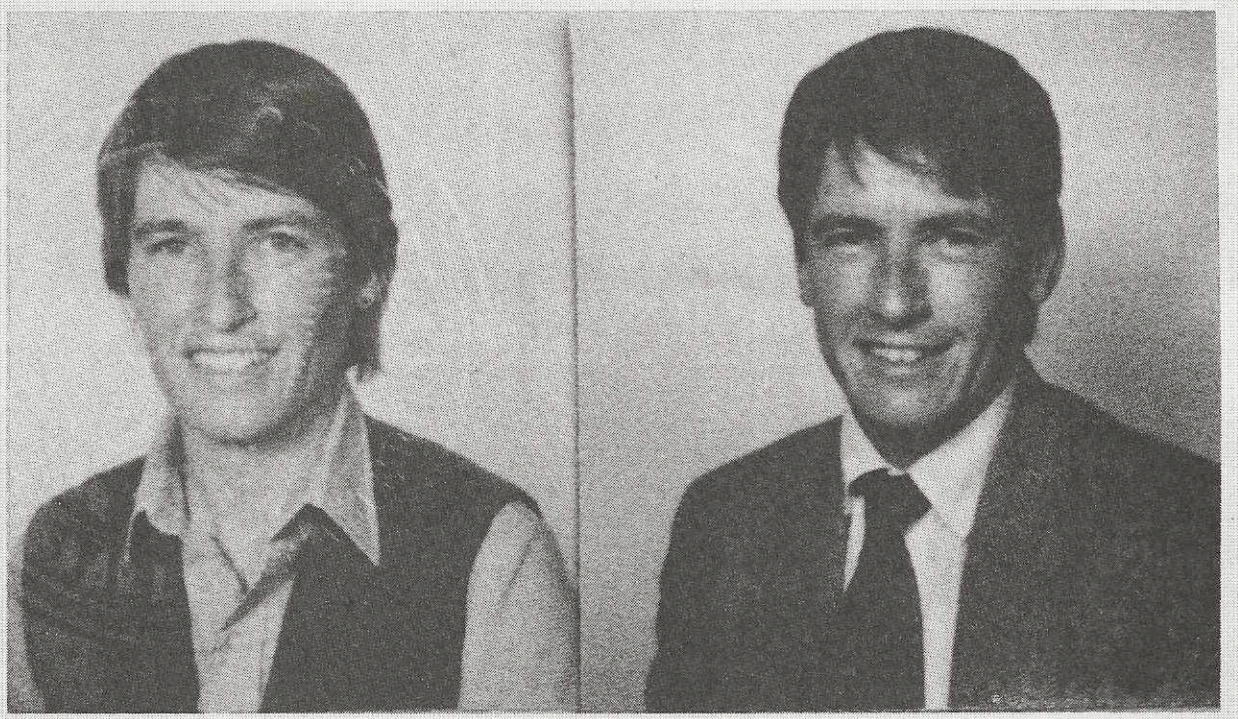








Some Girls Will Be

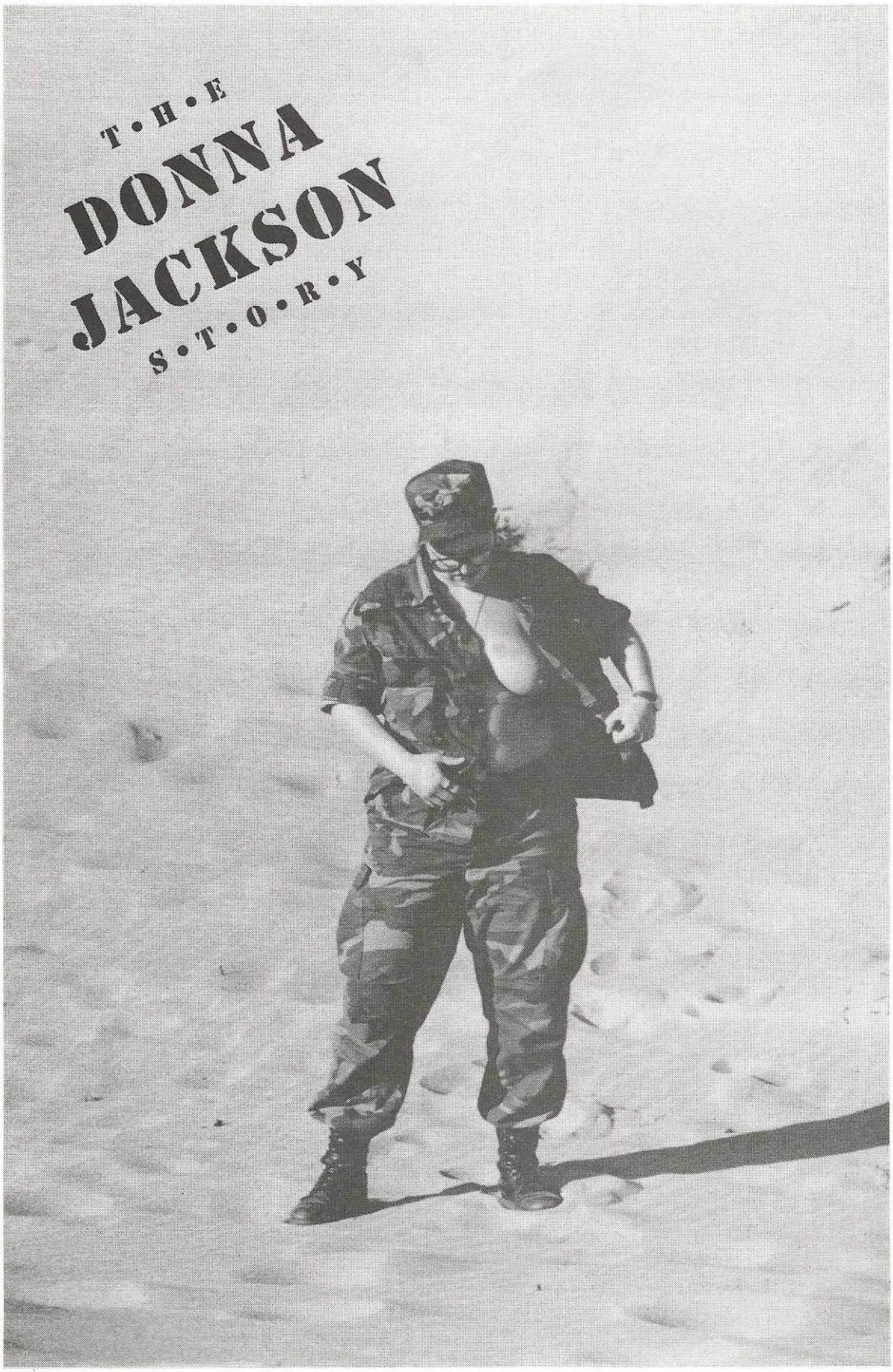


BOYS

by

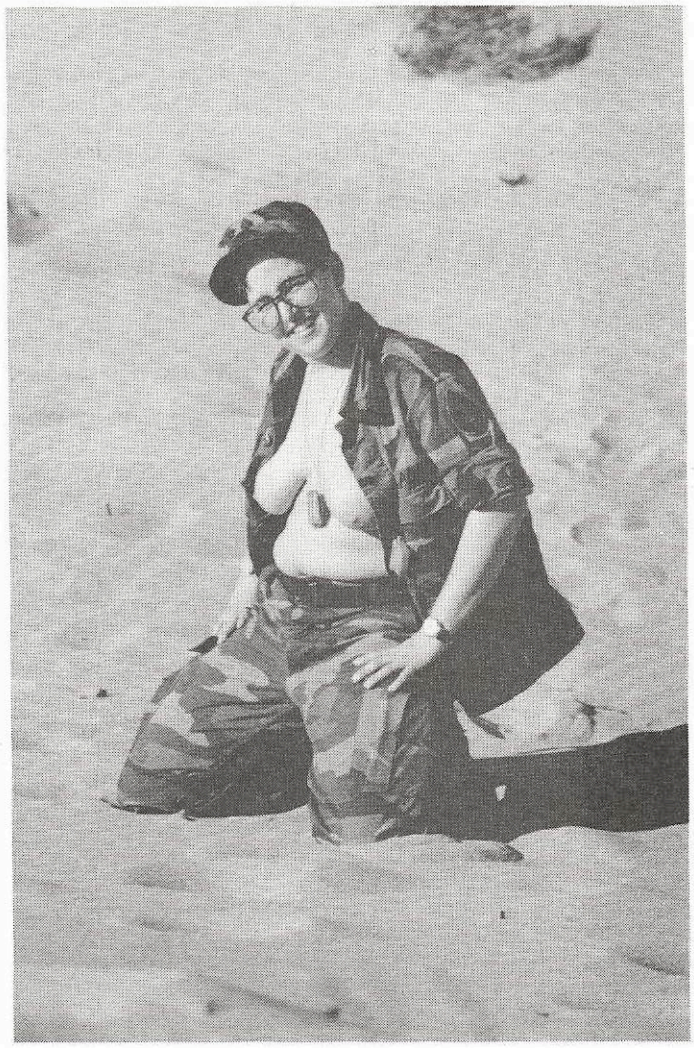
Marcy Sheiner

THE DONNA JACKSON STORY



By Lisa LaBia

PHOTOS BY CHRISTIE CARR



On December 30, 1990 U.S. Army Reservist Donna Jackson told the army she was gay. As part of Operation Desert Shield—soon to become Operation Desert Storm—Jackson knew that her reserve unit, the 129th Evacuation Hospital, would be deployed to Saudi Arabia anytime. Jackson was fully-prepared to serve her country; but only as an out lesbian.

Donna, together with her lover Christie Carr, met with unit commander Colonel Lidner and simply stated the truth.

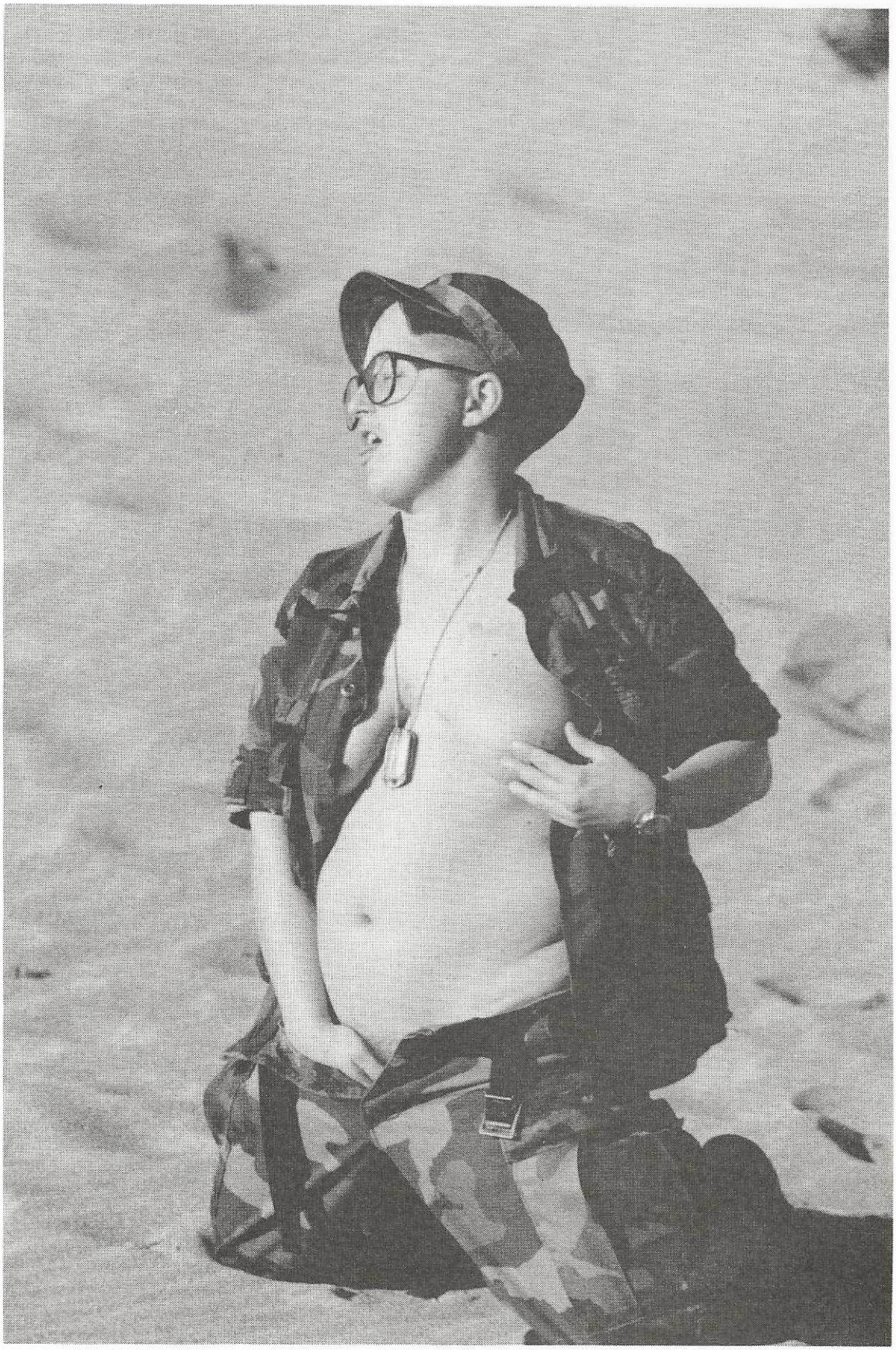
"We said, 'Well, we're lesbians, we're in a relationship, and I just want to be open about it.' His attitude was like big deal, so what. He basically told me not to worry about anything."

But after hearing much disturbing talk about the prosecution of gays and lesbians in the military who had come out including harassment, dishonorable discharges, and jail sentences, Jackson decided to meet with military legal advisors. She discussed the consequences of being openly gay and found the most likely scenario to be appalling.

"I was told by these attorneys that I'd probably be deployed with my unit to the Middle East and when I got back I'd be kicked out. So I'd be used for the Gulf exercise, and then discharged because of my sexuality That was unacceptable to me."

Military policy states that that homosexuality is "incompatible" with military service. But on the brink of war in the Persian Gulf, the Pentagon seemed to be altering policy to serve its own needs.

"I think the policy is outrageous," says Jackson. "They can't just use us then kick us out. There are a heck of a lot of gays and lesbians in the military. Some of the most awarded people in the service have been gays and lesbians; top-ranking individuals.



"If everyone stood up and said, 'This is who we are' the military would be forced to look at their policy and change it. From what I've been told, there's at least one thousand people each year discharged from the military because of homosexuality. There are many more, but they're afraid to come out because of the prosecutions."

As a safeguard against future prosecution, Jackson sent out statements to top army officials demanding formal recognition of her homosexuality. "I just wanted acknowledgement. I wanted to go with my unit, to serve my country. Even though I don't necessarily believe in war, and most people don't, I was willing to go. I wanted to serve as an out lesbian, but I didn't want to be prosecuted later."

In the days following, Donna was sent to see a psychiatrist and was then pulled from her unit and reassigned to the U.S. Army Garrison, a permanent unit stationed at Fort Ord.

"As far as I knew, I was going to Saudi Arabia. And now my unit—my friends, my support—they were taken away. I just cried. They were all asking me, 'Are you going with us?' They were real supportive. "

On January 17, 1991 Junior NCO Donna Jackson was given an honorable discharge from the U.S. Army.

The press coverage surrounding Donna's dealings with the military has catapulted her personal decision to front page news, yet she is surprised to find herself the national spokesperson for lesbians in the armed forces.

"I made this decision for myself and for [Christie and I] as a couple, rather than for anything political. Not in my wildest imagination did I ever think there would be media coverage! But now I realize I represent more than myself."

Despite the excitement of the media circus, Donna's reaction to her dismissal is mainly a somber one. "I feel a lot of sadness about not being over there. I also feel guilty because they discharged me and I could have done more service to the gay community if they would have kept me in. I guess I feel guilty about the fact that I was discharged."

Not everyone shares Donna's enthusiasm for military service. Some war objectors extol her discharge as a victory and believe gays and lesbians don't need to fight for for the equal right to die. "I think most people would find themselves standing alone on the front line if they have attitudes like that,"says Donna. "The better attitude should be that we all should have equal rights."

Jackson joined the reserves in 1983, right after high school, as a way of "trying to find herself." Her official title was Laundry and Bath Specialist; she ran a shower point, a laundry facility, and provided support services for the hospital unit. Although she was not digging out trenches on the firing line herself, she believes women in combat "could do a damn good job."

"It's a human type of response in a war situation. If you're out there and you have to kill someone, your feelings are going to be the same strong feelings whether you're a man or a woman. It it depends on your values and your beliefs and how you were raised. It doesn't have to do with men or women."

During her enlistment Donna attended college, where she studied sign language and graphic arts. But she admits she also had another interest: to model for *On Our Backs*.

"Ever since I saw it several years ago, I've wanted to submit writing and pictures because it's a hot magazine! And it reaches a realm of people that other magazines don't."

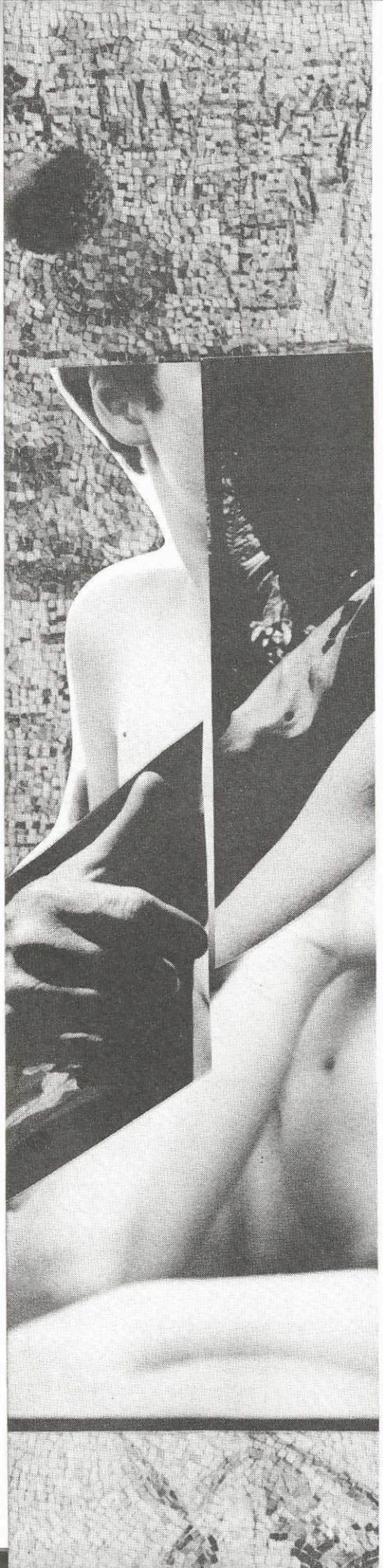
But will taking off her clothes invalidate the political potency of her recent action? "Not at all," she says. "It's expressive of who I am. I'm more than just one straight and narrow soldier. I have other dimensions to myself."

Add to her list of Jackson dimensions the self-appointed title: Seasoned Baby Dyke. "I'm more to the butch side, but not the steel-toed, macho butch. I guess I'm a baby butch. That's what I am, a baby dyke. A seasoned baby dyke."

And when it comes right down to it, she's patriotic too. "Even though I've been discriminated in the military, and gays and lesbians are looked down upon in society in general, I still feel patriotic. I believe in supporting our country because I believe in freedom, but I don't believe in war. A lot of valuable lives are going to be lost. I think it's a shame. But if that's what our country says we have to do, then I feel mixed.

"At least we have that right of freedom, to be who we are. And being out and being a lesbian and loving a woman is who I am." Δ

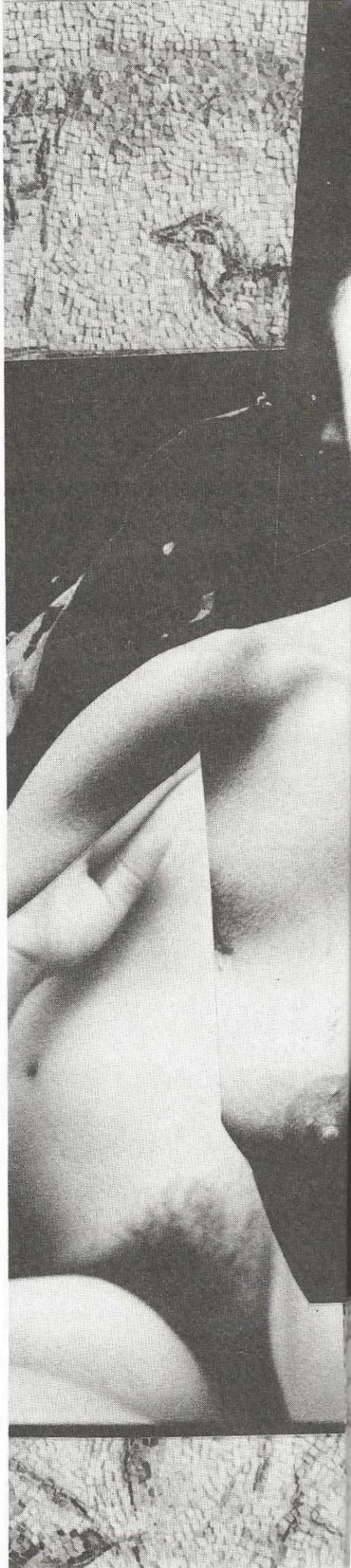
"Being out and
being a lesbian
and loving a woman
is who I am."



Lila

By Jan Richman

Lila taught me that passion is
always married to anger, and that the
bones are the things that last.
Mine were hard and getting harder,
whitening under the pressure of
her calculations. She was crafting me
like a mosaic, a cathedral window;
every precious part of me strained
towards light. She knew what to do,
how to separate each color and then
inlay, deepen, brighten, polish with
her warm wet cunt creeping up my leg
like a slide trombone, making me wait
for her mouth on my breasts, my
nipples growing up toward her like
seedlings after a stunted winter, lonely
faces through prison bars, hands that
need money, drugs, liquor, bread.
And when it came the heat was the
heat of control, her teeth artisans filing
her metal, firing her clay.
When I was the right temperature,
when I could be wrapped in glory,
when I could be trusted, and praising,
and praised, she would start to sing.
Sing with her body moving against me
like a winding street. Her mouth would
arrive between my legs, her tongue a
palm leaf, burning, fanning, her teeth
nicking my clit, two fingers inside me
moving like a small question.



And I'd ride that horse down the street with my hair rising up in the flaming windows of sky, a sturdy beating woman's pulse down the interesting curving broadening street, and she'd start to lose her steering, this is the best part, her government would argue too rapidly, her blood had more than one country. And suddenly I'd grab her waist, flipping us over, her back straight up against the cold wall, her arms flung across me like sunlight, and I'd be the roller coaster, the carriage ride, the bump–and–grind southern drawl guitar lick inside her gleaming human skin. I was a flashlight in a graveyard; she was the jewels of the dead, shining under the earth, bitter and pissed off and taking it with her. I'd say taste this life, sucking the numbers from her dance card, her ashtray, the center of her sweating nervous moaning body. Religion is like that—just when you think you've made a perfect prayer, the weather sweeps your house up and your car and gives you instead orange trees. Δ

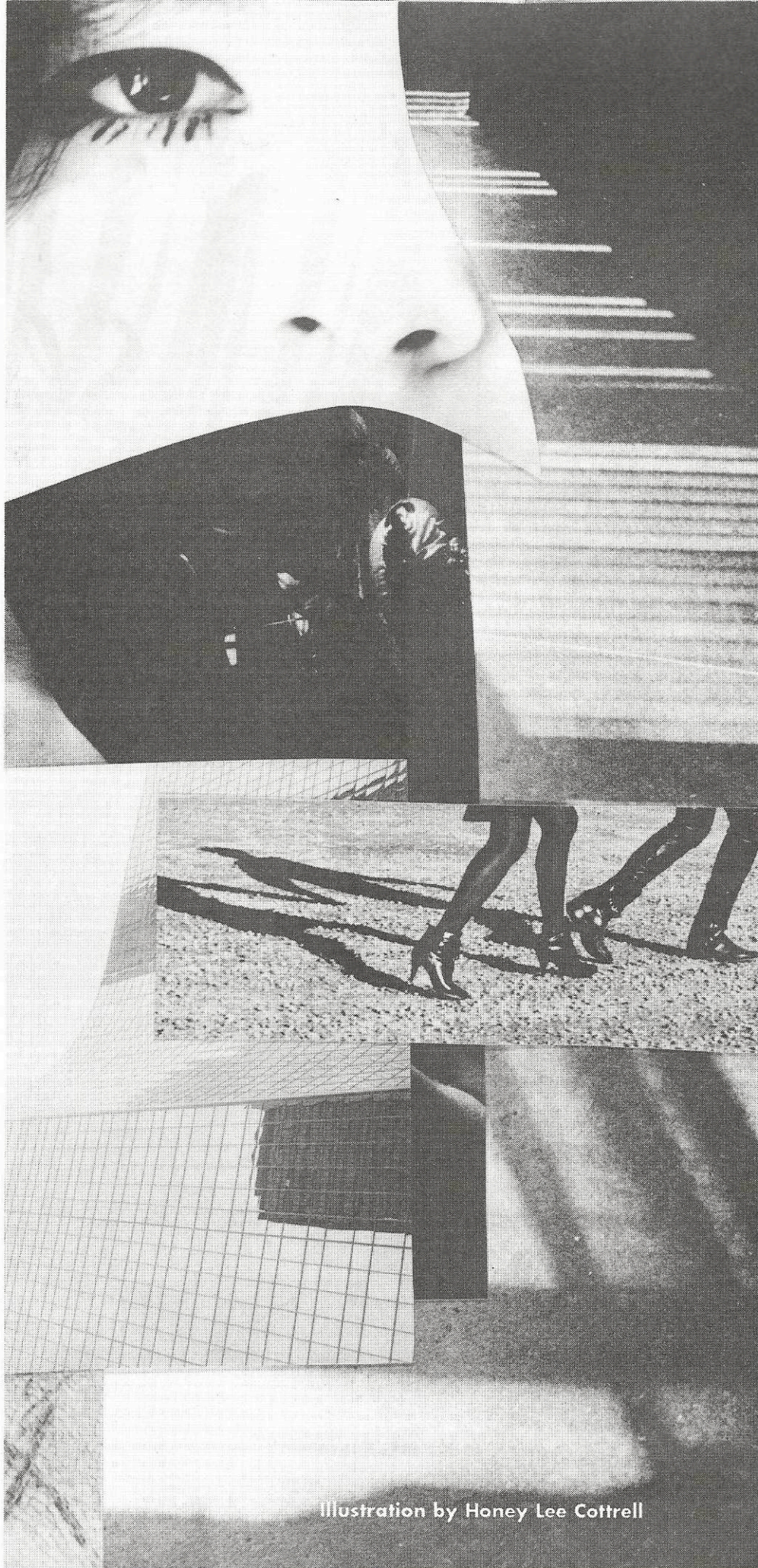


Illustration by Honey Lee Cottrell

April Showers

"Being near her was consuming me with a strange passion. This did not feel like an ordinary pickup."

By Dominique Dagmarr

Illustration by Zanne Prud'homme

The rain was beating down in an angry rage the day I met April Esmond, causing flooding, traffic congestion and other things for which New York is usually unprepared. With my umbrella in one hand and two heavy packages from Food Emporium straining in the other, I was heroically attempting to keep my suede cap dry. My goal was to select the finest collection of seedless white, black, and red grapes at Fairway Fruit and Vegetable Market on the upper West Side of Manhattan. That's when I saw her.

The very first thing I noticed was that she had no umbrella; she seemed perfectly content to let the heavy rain christen her. The bangs of her long, jet black hair were literally soaked, clinging tightly to her forehead. Dark RayBans masked her toasted almond-colored face. The collar of her Burberry was turned up, and a striking Hermes scarf was wrapped about her neck. The belt of her raincoat hugged her tiny waist.

She crossed Broadway and stood right beside me, her leather–gloved fingers delicately sorting through the white grapes. Despite the nastiness of the rain, I began to become aroused. My heart throbbed with a sick erotic rhythm and my legs weakened.

"Why are you staring at me?" she asked in a thick raspy whisper.

At first I wasn't sure who she was talking to. Without moving my head, my eyes darted around. When I realized that there was no one else in the vicinity, I began to get nervous.

(continued on page 44)

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 15)*

There I was, practically pounding out of my pants, ready to fuck anyone who'd sit still long enough for me to mount her. No such luck tonight, though. The best laid plans and all that...only my get-laid plans had gone to waste. That's what I get for expectations, I suppose. Yeah, yeah, so why not carry on with my plans *sans* date? If "You are what you pretend to be" carried any weight, I'd throw mine around on the issue at hand.

I put on my new Deee-Lite CD and turned out the lights. It was two days after the full moon so there was plenty of light left in the sky and my escapade was graciously draped in moonlit subtlety. Subtle in comparison to my overt pump dancing with the floor. Boxers call it shadow dancing but I'd come up with my own variation on the theme of practice rounds. I danced, I flexed, I stroked and got soaked.

I couldn't take much more of my own temptation, so I decided it was time to pull him/me out for more. Just touching the soft rubber that was gonna stay hard for good thrilled me. I pulled him/me up off my left thigh. Why the left? Probably past life memories, or something akin to one of the two dick dreams I'd had in that same month.

The first one found me waking up the way a guy wakes from a wet dream, I'm sure. In my dream, I looked down between my full C-cup breasts and there, where my brillo bush usually sits, was this nice eight-inch, uncut, erect and thick dick. It was mine!

I was so excited in my dream because I couldn't believe I actually had a dick. And it was such a nice looking one, too. I started to play with it, pulling it in long strokes to the left. I awoke with a moan soon thereafter and recalled my first conscious thought of just having had an orgasm. This was immediately followed by the realization that it was an orgasm from jacking off my dick. My dick? Wow! I had a dick and it was so hot looking and fun.

Now back to my conscious dreaming....After I had him out of my pants and in my hand, I put him in the harness and started to lube up for the ride. I like my sex hot, so I'd had the lube in hot water as preparation. I squirted out a warm supply and rubbed it all over my dick.

I knelt down and started stroking it. Long, slow strokes. I was gripping it as if I could feel, through my dick, how firmly I held on. The tighter I held him/me, the more my hips pushed. Responding as if I could feel the increased clamp-on of my hold. The more my hips pushed, the more blood seemed to be pushing into my clit. I kept my rhythm going. This physical experience felt as real as it felt in my dream—that I had a dick and I was jacking it off.

Back and forth, back and forth. And then, for some reason unbeknownst to me, I took my hands off it. I just let my hips do the dance they were already groovin' to. I was pumping it, then humping it right into the air. I almost felt embarrassed at how it must have looked—a bobbing dick hitting the floor and then slapping against my stomach from the velocity of my airborne thrusts. How could this come so naturally? Who knew and who cared! Remember the '70s adage: "If it feels good, do it"? Well, it felt so damned good I couldn't help but do it.

During my floor-slapping air-fucking, somehow I'd switched places—from jacking to strapping. The no-hands power pumping created visions of me fucking women in every way imaginable. First, my unfulfilled date, then an entire arena of them, pushing each other out of the way to have their turn.

They were fighting to get fucked by my master dick—mastered only by the way I moved it. The woman in me knowing just how to do it. The man in me not caring *how*, but just that I was doing it. Fucking them all.

Bring 'em all on! Starting with me first. Then the rest of you babes will have your turn. And I'll do you like you want to be done. I'll surprise you and do you like you never knew you could be done. And—surprise to me—I speeded up as if I was coming. Coming like I'd come in my dream, with long, hard slams.

Finally I could take no more. I really had to come. "Yeah, fuck yourself." No, my date hadn't said that. The rejected part of me said it to myself. So in my cocky mood I answered my own demeaning voice. I pulled him out of the harness and yanked the leather holder off. Another helping of heated lube and I gave him/me to myself.

Slow though. Let me make it real good to me. I turned myself into the ideal woman I wanted. Move my date outta the way. I was the first woman waiting in line for me. Steps at a time, I inched—no, centimetered—my way in. Then I gave it to me the way I was just giving it to countless women only moments ago.

I saw me there, fucking myself. Slow and long, then short and fast. Strokes that responded to every nuance of change my sweet cunt asked for. I didn't even want my vibrator. The images in my mind and the strokes I fucked myself with combined to create the familiar tension my cunt so longed to release. I jolted up and came in moaning spasms. Sounding every woman's voice who I was fucking and who were being fucked by me, through me.

I laid there, spent. How nice of me to have catered to myself the way I'd been so willing to cater to my women. Good practice. And practice makes perfect. Mmmmm....I dreamed off to sleep, satisfied with my performance and my reception. Who would I bestow this gift upon next?

Alas, I would have to wait in silent patience for the answer to that query. For the time being, I'd proven my prowess to myself. Having had him for a year and only now discovering the lone pleasure I was capable of, I couldn't wait to try it out on someone else and let her tell me the same. How could she say anything else?

Two days later, I was proved right. And by a straight gal-pal who was used to 'the real thing." Heh, heh. But that's another story, so you'll just have to wait for it. Or beg. Δ

Raelyn Gallina

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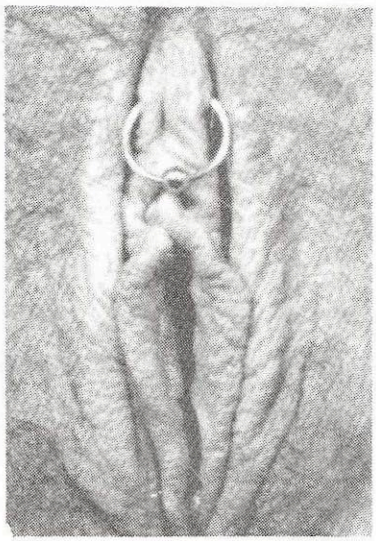

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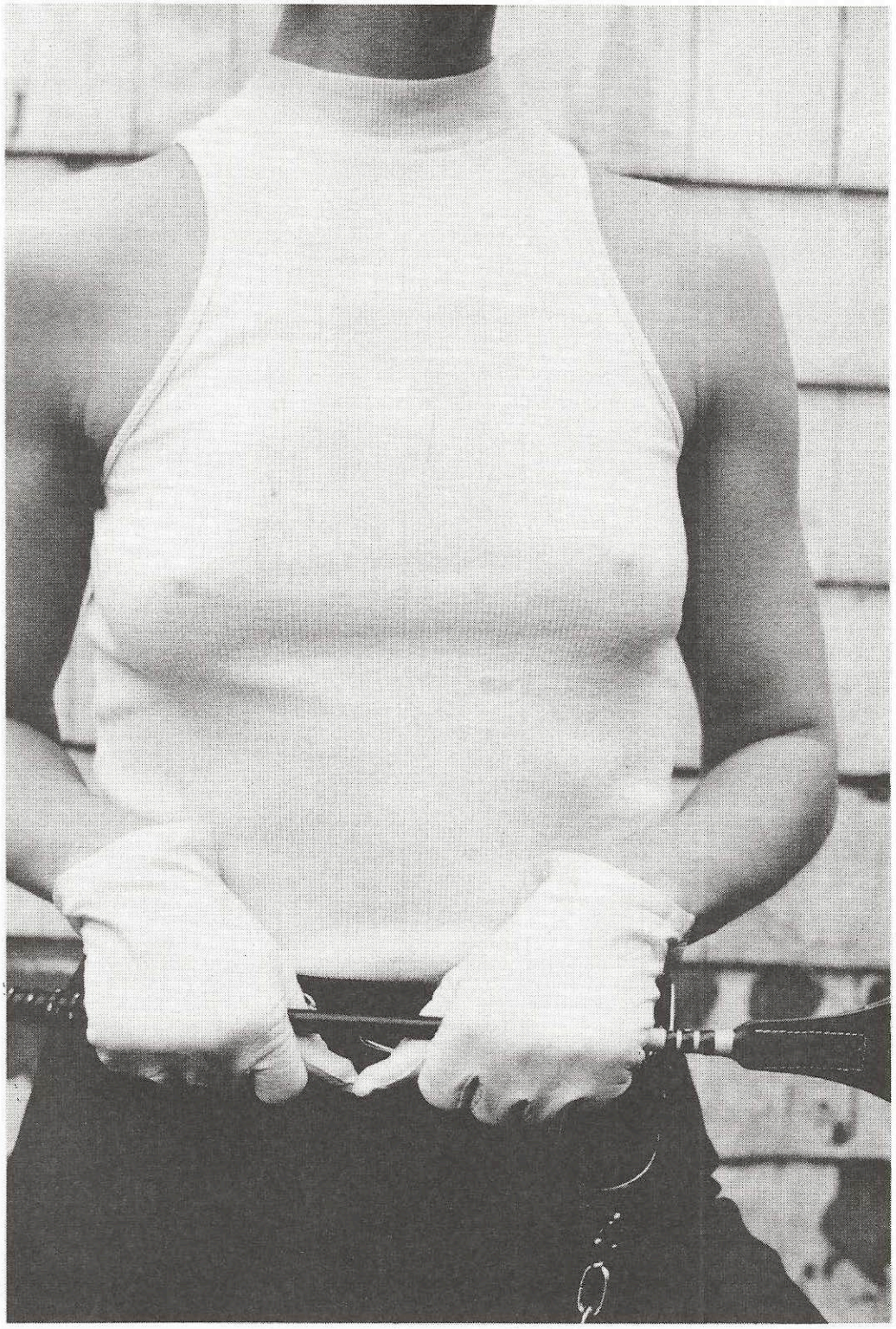
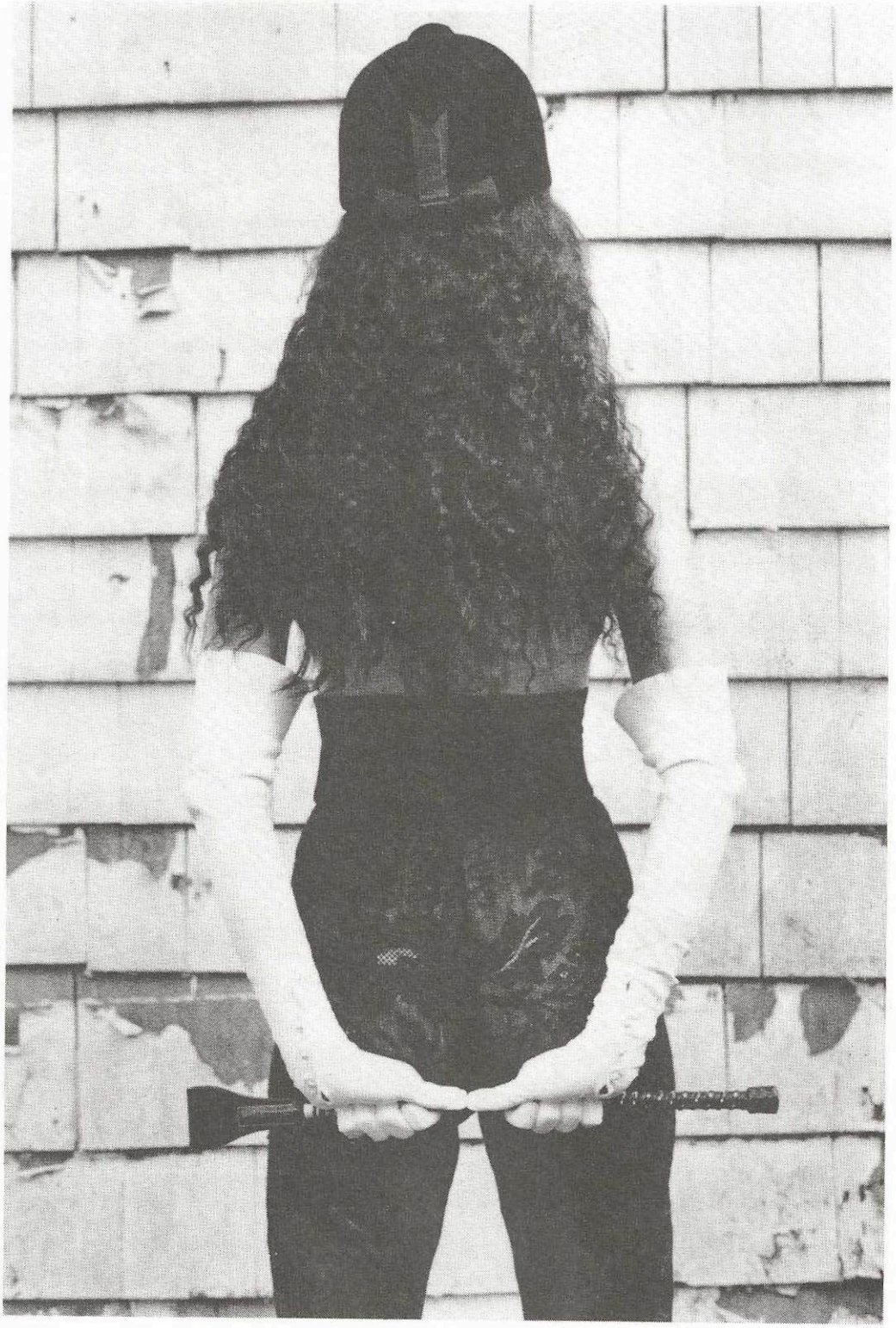
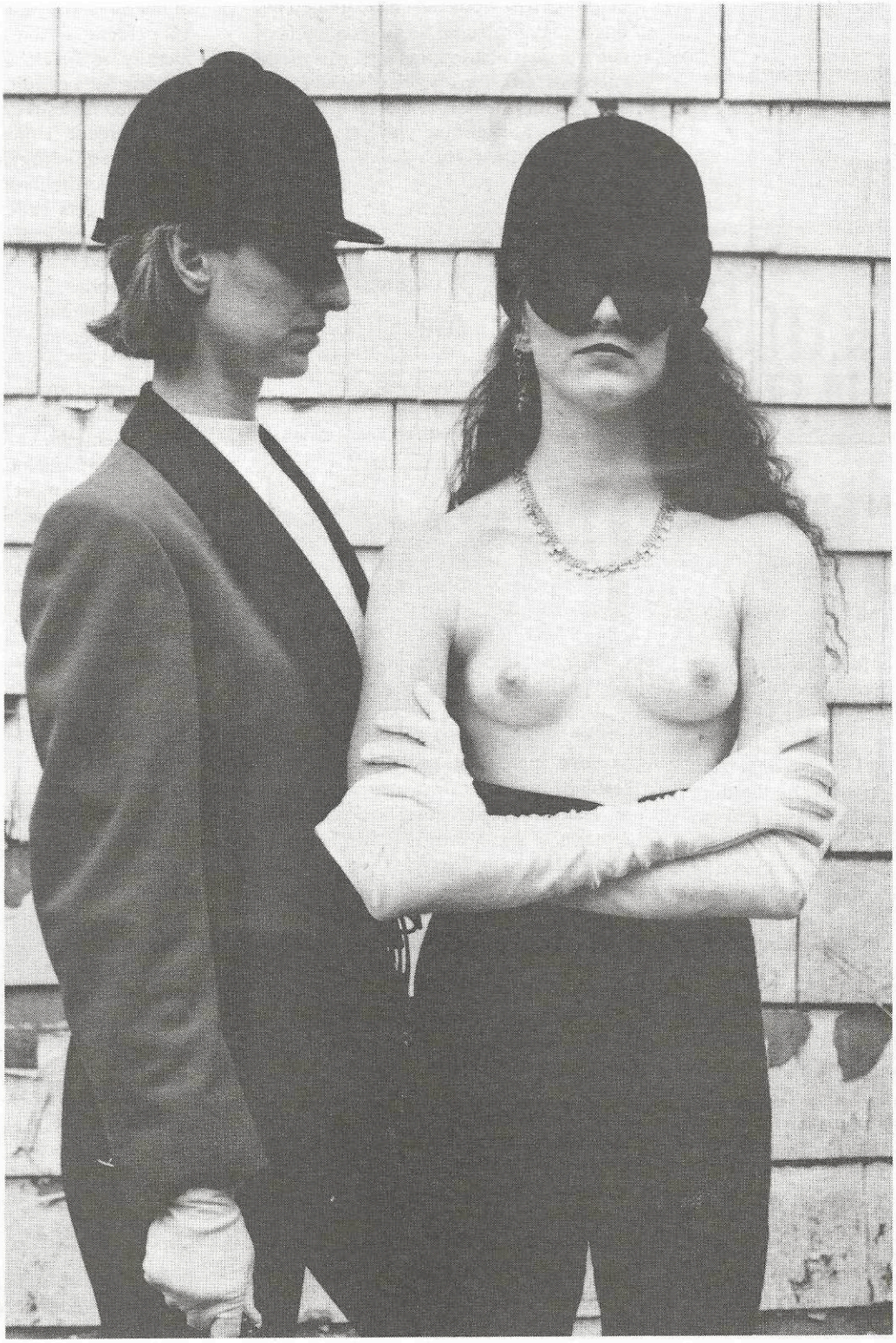
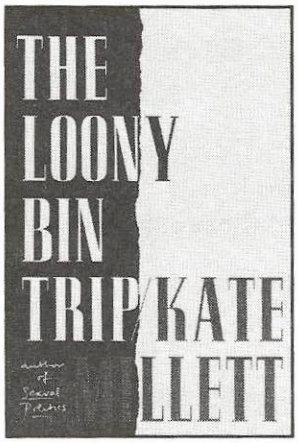


Jockeying For Her Love

photos by Cathy Lee Prochazka







THE LOONY-BIN TRIP

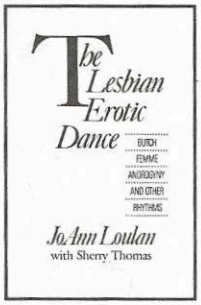
Kate Millett
Simon and Schuster, $19.95

In the 70s, Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* turned public consciousness inside out about the state of feminist affairs. Her latest release, *The Loony-Bin Trip* , may do the same for the state of psychiatric treatment in America.

The Loony Bin Trip begins when Millett has just stopped taking lithium, the drug she's been swallowing for seven years to balance the highs and lows of a supposed manic-depression. She wants to create an art colony by and for women. She wants to show that she's not diseased and doesn't need a daily dose of tranquilizers. Yet, as she is proving it, even her writing seems to spill out more frenetically. Is she a weaver of miracles or a manic speeding to disaster? Is she irritable in response to criticisms of her public abandonment of the psychiatric judgement laid against her or is it the inevitable result of an ill woman not taking her medicine?

Throughout the book, the reader might see-saw on this question, but will never be convinced that forcing Millett into a psychiatric hospital was the answer. Millett's nightmarish account of the loony-bin she ultimately gets slammed into during a trip to Ireland is shocking. The fear that she would never get out combined with repeated forced medications distorted her mind more severely than any rejection of medication could have.

Millett argues very persuasively that different minds work differently, and as a society we need to accept that; not lock up or drug up what we can't deal with. Yet this book left me craving more of her thoughts. Is psychiatric treatment ever helpful? How would she have treated her ongoing depression? As an indictment of current psychiatric practice, this book succeeds emotionally, but doesn't give enough information to succeed intellectually. As an autobiography, however, it is outstanding. —*Mary James*



THE LESBIAN EROTIC DANCE

JoAnn Loulan with Sherry Thomas
Spinster Book Company, $12.95

What's the difference between JoAnn Loulan, Susie Sexpert, and Pat Califia? If you strip away the packaging of their messages you'll find the same raw sex-positive ingredients. All three of these lesbian sex educators support sexual diversity, honest communication, and the integrity of sexual arousal. But what really separates Loulan from the rest is her audience. Typically, they are the most conservative women in the lesbian world who are still willing to talk about sex. Although Loulan can undoubtedly yell "fuck me harder!" with the best of them, her image is non-kinky, non-threatening and decidedly vanilla. Yet her third book, *The Lesbian Erotic Dance*, delves into some very adventurous territory: the butch/femme lesbian dynamic.

Loulan came out during the 70s feminist movement, but her femme identity didn't come out until she began writing her now famous books *Lesbian Sex* and *Lesbian Passion. Erotic Dance* is entirely devoted to the subject of roles. It is a reappraisal and love song to the butch/femme interaction. In supporting butch/femme as a vital and valuable part of the lesbian character, Loulan challenges her readers who think "roles" are as artificial as that word implies: heterosexist and unattractive.

She interviewed hundreds of lesbians about their views on butch/femme and found that even though every single dyke understands what a butch or a femme is, nobody admits to being one. The results of her questionnaire are horrifying. Only 14 percent of the women interviewed identify as butch. (No wonder it's like looking for a needle in a haystack!) Self-identified femmes are another rare breed at 18 percent. Thirty percent like to call themselves androgynous, although when Loulan asks them for a description of that term, she gets back the same adjectives she did for "butch." The rest of the gals interviewed don't identify with any sexual categories. They all say, "I'm just me" as if they were the last unique individuals on earth. Femmes are disdained as bimbos, and butches are every proper lesbian's nightmare of an unfeminine woman who doesn't know she's a women. Honestly, dykes themselves are more cruelly sexist and "straight"-thinking about butch/femme character than most liberal heterosexuals.

Loulan blames the early feminist movement for pressuring dykes to get rid of their sexy butch/femme ways and act like little denim-clad worker bees; oblivious to erotic styles and differences. She appeals to her readers to understand the butch/femme dance as the gayest and most sensitive of experiences in our community. But will they listen?

—*Rita Jones*

DON JUAN IN THE VILLAGE

Jane DeLynn
Pantheon Books, $19.95

Don Juan in the Village, by Jane DeLynn, represents a significant leap forward in lesbian fiction. In fact, it jumps out of the genre altogether.

This book is DeLynn's fourth novel, but the first to come under wide critical scrutiny. Ostensibly a chronicle of one woman's sexual exploits, this is no simple tale of serial conquest. The narrator's adventures provide a backdrop for insights into internal processes with which many readers—lesbian, straight, or bi—will identify. And while it contains elements of sociological illumination,

Don Juan is, more significantly, a very good read.

In her epilog DeLynn notes, "I thought if I could remember the women I had been with then this might help me remember the woman who had been with them — the woman who was me." If this was the author's primary intention, she certainly achieved it, insofar as the reader is concerned: the portrait of Don Juan is satisfyingly multi-dimensional. An acutely self-conscious woman, she is able to articulate the complex nuances of the kind of discomfort everyone has experienced at one time or another.

In the interest of fully exploring and developing her character, DeLynn is unafraid of coming across as politically incorrect. Don Juan's public sexual encounter with a fat woman is a prime example:

"But it was very exciting to be getting aroused secretly in front of the other people—even if it was by someone fat and ugly...It took me a moment to realize they were talking about the fat woman and me. I wanted to leave with them, to show them I wasn't the type of person who would have sex with a fat person, but I realized that if they had already noticed her doing stuff to me it was too late."

While most people might deny or repress it, or strive to feel otherwise, embarrassment at being aroused by culturally unacceptable physical looks—particularly fat—is probably universal.

The sequence of events is exquisitely conceived and executed. Don Juan's journey forms a complete circle, beginning and ending in New York City; first with a street urchin and lastly with a stone butch. Along the way there are stops in the beach bunny land of Key West, the S/M dungeons of Los Angeles, and the clandestine lesbian culture of Morocco. Though she offers an international tour of lesbian love life, DeLynn makes no attempt to promote global sisterhood or any other political agenda. For this reason, *Don Juan in the Village* has drawn fire from some feminists—but the lack of a party line is a major strength that enables DeLynn to accurately describe people and their actions.

The character of Don Juan has also been criticized for being a hard drinking, hard loving, solitary wanderer who searches not so much for answers as for the right questions. Thank God—at last we have a lesbian literary figure who's a complete human being rather than merely a role model. — *Marcy Sheiner*

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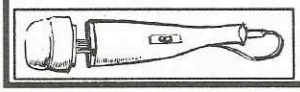
Illustration by Betty Dodson from her book, SEX FOR ONE.



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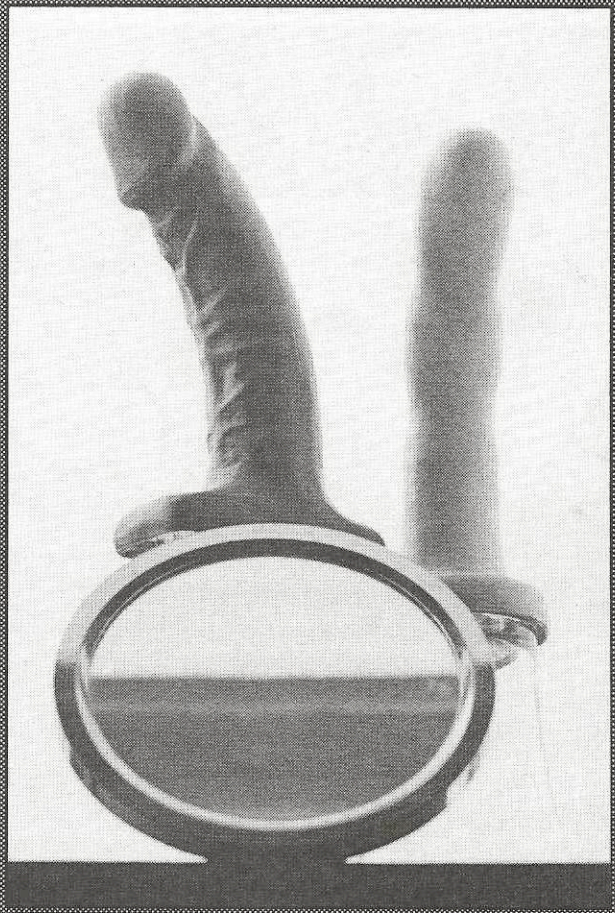

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TOYS FOR US *(continued from page 11)*

"I'd prefer to call it rhythmic," Linda said.

"Fine," I said, "but the only real change in licking happens when your lover gets close to coming. Her hard clit recedes—'knocking the man out of the boat'— and that's when you have to renew the pressure." I'd rather squirm my way into the right position and just lay back and take it until it clicks than give out elaborate map instructions.

Linda begged to differ. Actually, she made me an offer. "Alright, I'll lick you in the wrong place for three hours and we'll see if you come." She insisted that getting information on how your girl likes it, however you get it, is essential.

I must say her argument and her offer was compelling. I did let on that I do prefer licking rather than sucking, because I realized I would hate a three hour "blow job." Still, Linda made her impression on me that patience was necessary but radar was essential.

Beyond questions of technique, oral sex has gotten a bad rap as vanilla. But plain old get-down-on-your-knees-and-do-it pussy licking is the most popular dominant/submissive activity around. It's passionate and it's certainly not about doing the same thing to each other at the same time at the same velocity. Oral sex is the graphic illustration of an unequal sex act ripe for S/M scenarios on both sides. And don't waste my time arguing about doing 69. Most people who try to sit on your face when they're already licking you front to back are just trying to show off. I can live without that *and* double-ended dildos, thank you very much.

It's exciting to feel someone giving you their lips, their mouth. After you come and you reach down to feel their cunts, it's a present to feel how wet they got pleasing you. We lick each other standing up or bending over, with our arms pinned to the bed or fingers fucking us simultaneously; in lingerie and boxers, holding our breath and screaming our heads off. When I come in someone's mouth I often feel torn between bowing my head and slapping them. I feel sorry for all those little porn starlets doing lesbian scenes and afraid of what lies between their legs. Straight girls get their stars crossed when a practiced lesbian holds their clit between her lips for the first time—and for many adventurous dykes, our mouths are where the adventure starts. Δ

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SOME GIRLS... *(continued from pg 22)*

Those who actually undergo full hormone therapy and surgery are transsexuals, but even here, the terms get fuzzy. Some who have not had surgery still call themselves transsexual. In fact, only 10 percent of all FTMs end up having had all the surgery.

For instance, John is on hormones but non–operative due to financial constrictions. Randy, also non–operative, had to stop taking hormones after ten years because he developed liver spots. Les has had hormone treatment and twelve surgical procedures. Manx has had hormone treatment and a bilateral mastectomy but no lower surgery. And Mickey has been totally transformed into a man.

Mickey feels that for the gender dysphoric there's a psychological pressure point where one can no longer identify with one's body. For him that point didn't come until he was almost forty years old. "I'd look in the mirror and feel that my body didn't match my self-image. People were not perceiving me as a butch dyke, people were perceiving me as male and I was having disassociation from my body. I was heading for a psychic rift. That's gender dysphoria."

Thus, though he'd been living the male role all his life and had often been mistaken for a man, he finally decided to embark on the transformational procedure. He applied to the Gender Dysphoria Program in Palo Alto, California, one of the best and most difficult to get into.

"I wanted it to be hard to get into," says Mickey, "because I wanted to know for sure."

The Process

The program adheres to the Harry Benjamin Standards of Care, guidelines set up in 1979 in response to the increasing demand for sex reassignment. These guidelines are recommended as minimal criteria and set forth time parameters for the various stages—psychological, hormonal and surgical—of sex reassignment. They exhort professionals to take their moral obligation very seriously so as not to make tragic mistakes. These standards have attained credibility among the legal and medical professions. The changes are undergone gradually, in stages that are still reversible before completion of the process.

According to the guidelines, a person must first undergo rigorous psychological evaluations. If accepted into the program, a candidate must live exclusively as a man for at least two years and be on hormone treatment for a similar period of time

before becoming eligible for surgery.

Hormones, taken every two or three weeks, are prescribed by endocrinologists. Those on hormone therapy must undergo liver scans regularly; any damage is reversible once injections are stopped. In the long term, hormones may cause cancer as well, but it's a risk most gender dysphoric people are willing to take. Testosterone can also cause the uterus to atrophy, so those committed to long term therapy must be committed to the possibility of having a hysterectomy. On the plus side, testosterone stops menstruation and increases the sex drive.

The next stage in changing from female to male is removal of the breasts, or a bilateral mastectomy. This operation is only approved if the candidate has had a positive experience with hormone therapy and cross–living for a stipulated time period. At this stage changes are still reversible. Hormone treatment can be stopped and the body will revert to the female form; breasts can be reconstructed. If a person still wants to continue, the next stage is lower surgery, or genital reconstruction, which may or may not include a hysterectomy.

There are three procedures for genital reconstruction. The first is genitoplasty, which repositions the hormone–enlarged clitoris into a tiny penis. A vaginectomy removes the interior vagina, and the outer labia are sewn together to form testicles, which are filled with silicone implants. Tubes are placed beneath the skin of the lower belly, through which water is injected over a period of weeks until the new scrotum has reached the desired size. This procedure has been perfected and carries very minor risks. The end result of genitoplasty is a realistic looking, if small (one– to two–inch) penis that retains sensitivity and achieves erections, but is unable to penetrate a vagina.

The other two forms of lower surgery result in a considerably larger, though still not quite functional (capable of penetrating naturally) cock. In the Abdominal Tube Phalloplasty, a square is cut from the abdomen, running from the pubic hairline to the naval—that's the length of the penis when completed. The excised flap is attached to the lower abdomen forming what looks like a suitcase handle, until it heals. The end result is a phallic look-a-like that lacks sensation and requires insertion of a rod for penetration. This procedure is fairly new and far from perfected.

The third procedure, even less common, is the Forearm Flap Phalloplasty, in which a large piece of the forearm is removed. Since the top layer of flesh contains lots of nerves and blood, the resulting penis is more sensitive and can be stroked to orgasm. This procedure is very high risk and costs between $45,000—$100,000. Very few of these have been performed.

Though John has no cock and says that's not what being an FTM is all about, he nonetheless feels that the benefits of a phalloplasty outweigh the discomfort, scarring, and semi–satisfying results. "Because we are men, not having a penis is very traumatic. You would do almost anything to get one. Having a scar is minor compared to being physically correct."

Mickey was given hormones immediately upon acceptance into the Gender Dysphoria Program, because "in my case there was no adjustment. I'd been assuming the male role all my life." After eight months on hormones, he received approval for a bilateral mastectomy, which was done as an outpatient. Rather than seeing a mastectomy as physical mutilation, Mickey compares the procedure to breast reduction and other cosmetic surgery, saying that his breasts were hurting him psychologically. "If you're a woman who's going to lose your breasts because of cancer, you're devastated. But if you're a guy who's going to lose his breasts and be free, you're elated."

Mickey says that his surgeon, Dr. Laub, is "a cross between artist and scientist. Whenever he'd unwrap me he'd be so excited, shouting things like, 'Look at that penis! No bruising!' or, 'Those are some of the best nipples I've ever done!'"

After completing the entire process and now living totally as a man (including changing his IDs, accomplished with letters and affidavits from his doctor) Mickey is no longer gender dysphoric. "I am more comfortable with myself now and I don't hold myself back. Before, people didn't know how to perceive me. I was a constant confrontation. Now they see me as a man and that's that. I get to leave off a whole lot of baggage I was carrying around and put my energy into other things."

Manx, who has had hormone treatment and a mastectomy, chose not to have any lower surgery although his clitoris is enlarged from testosterone. With his flat chest and thick bush of pubic hair, all framed by artful, striped tattoos, Manx now resembles both a man and a woman. He has become something new:

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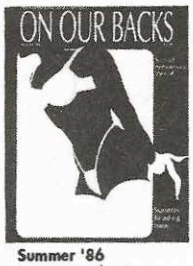

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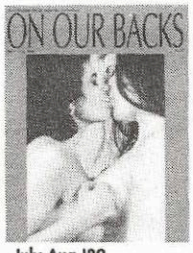

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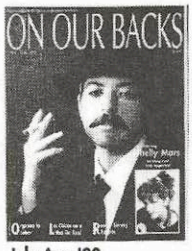

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a bi-gendered being. Manx is pleased with this more fluid gender identity. Previously pained by his breasts, he "spent many years trying to embrace the 'goddess female body,' but it didn't work for a minute. My personal body aesthetic is to be without breasts and to have large pectoral muscles." When I point out that my personal body aesthetic is to look like Audrey Hepburn but I wouldn't lop off half my body to achieve it, Manx goes to great lengths to impress upon me that "the discomfort we feel is profound and no obstacle or any amount of rationalizing will diminish it."

John has virtually buried his female persona, despite the fact that he still carries some of her anatomy. He also opposes the Harry Benjamin Standards of Care, which include putting one's IDs in order. "I will be damned if I'm gonna let Big Brother know that I'm a female-to-male transsexual," says John. "The system is getting more and more repressive and I don't want to be vulnerable."

After a dozen operations, Les is now living as a man with a cunt as well as a cock. Randy, no longer able to take testosterone, is resigned to living in a woman's body. "It's kind of like living with AIDS," he says. "I'm making the best of it. I can't relate to it, but I'd rather be a live woman than a dead man."

Randy's feelings point out the desperation that many gender dysphoric people feel. But is gender dysphoria a biological condition, or one induced by certain family patterns and/or the gender constrictions of our culture? Many FTMs believe that, in the same way that many gays believe sexual orientation is immutable, so too is gender identity.

Causes

The idea that gender dysphoria originates *in utero* actually has some basis in fact. For instance, it is known that hermaphrodites, those born with the genitals of both genders, have gotten "too much" of either the male or female hormones. Scientists, such as John Money at Johns Hopkins University, speculate that some fetuses might be getting enough to make them gender dysphoric but not enough to make them hermaphrodites, and are conducting research into this possibility. Dr. Roger Gorski, director of the Laboratory of Neuroendocrinology of the Brain Research Institute, has studied various hormonal permutations, including a group of individuals in the Dominican Republic who had been incorrectly labeled female at birth, due to having undescended testes. At puberty, normal testosterone levels caused the development of male characteristics. The subjects easily made the adjustment; all reported feeling that they always knew they were male. Such findings would seem to corroborate that it is indeed possible to be "born into the wrong body."

There does not seem to be a typical family background that forms the transsexual personality. According to Ron Lee, who counsels transsexuals at the Center For Special Problems in San Francisco, "The transgendered population is as diverse as other populations, perhaps with more social pathology, given their lack of acceptance from the culture."

As children, FTMs had similar feelings about the female role as do many lesbians or even heterosexual feminists: they shunned dolls and traditional female activities in favor of boys' toys and sports. Most report feeling from a very early age that "something wasn't right" with them.

Manx has an older sister who is a male–to–female transsexual. In other words, at one time she was the brother and he the sister (talk about pronoun confusion!). As children they swapped toys. "She would let me use her baseball mitt if I would let her curl my hair," says Manx. Although Manx did get the idea he could change after his sister did it, he does not feel that any family pattern contributed to his transsexuality. "I think we're all androgynous. We all have the ability to express duality. I don't feel like a man. I have masculine aspects. I also have female aspects. I don't disown any of it."

And Manx does not really call himself a man, though he uses the male pronoun. "I'm a biological female who has had a bilateral mastectomy and is on testosterone and now I'm more comfortable. I don't feel I am a man born into a female body." He is unconcerned with whether the reasons for gender dysphoria are social or genetic. "What matters is to be allowed to do what one needs to do."

Community Identity

But what separates the butch dykes from the FTMs? Why are some lesbians glad when they're perceived as male, while Mickey and other FTMs suffer confusion? One butch I know, Terry, recalls childhood feelings identical to those of John and Mickey. Living in a conservative Midwestern town with strictly enforced gender codes, she felt that the only way she'd ever get to fully express herself would be to have a sex change. When she left her home town for San Francisco, though, Terry discovered other women

who were interested in playing around with gender. She cultivated relationships in which she could wear a dildo, or spend a week on vacation with her lover "passing" as the male partner, which she found highly erotic. Terry says she has a Utopian vision of a world where one's body doesn't determine one's behavior, and is afraid that changing one's sex is just another way of buying into our gender–obsessed culture. This is not a perspective shared by most FTMs. Because she's found a supportive community, Terry accepts who she is now. "But if they ever perfect the technology," she says, "I'll be the first in line. For me, the reason to change would be for the dick. As it is now, I don't want to go through all that and not even get the prize."

So when does the line between gender play and getting shot up with testosterone get crossed? In *Linda/Les & Annie*, a video he produced with Annie Sprinkle, Les talks about having been a lesbian separatist who hated men because of their higher social status, until he became one. Les gives the impression that a sex change is the fulfillment of every lesbian's dream.

But becoming a man is more like a nightmare to most lesbians, no matter how butch they may be. Some women, like Terry, experienced childhood feelings that could be labeled gender dysphoric, but they were able to work these out within the context of lesbianism. Others, even the most femme, might fantasize about having a cock or parading through the streets in male drag. Women who have moments—even days or weeks—of such feelings cannot really be called gender dysphoric, since the definition of the term refers to a continuous state of confusion that lasts over a period of many years. "This is not the logical extension of lesbianism," says Mickey. "Many FTMs find community with lesbians, but they still continue to feel out of place in their bodies."

Non– or pre-operative FTMs are hidden within the lesbian community, where they find some degree of acceptance by "passing" for butch.

Sandy and Sal, two lesbians who've been in a relationship for six years, have found the lesbian community "a safe place to hide, to have the female form and be very butch," but have never fully identified as lesbians. As a couple, both women recently embarked on a course of sex change therapy. "We're convinced we're faggots," says Sandy. Both have considered the change for years. At 17, Sal's parents had her committed to a mental institution because she had saved up money for the surgery. Sandy feels that making the change is "a reclamation of the boy inside me."

John feels the fundamental difference between a butch and an FTM is that a lesbian, butch or not, loves her womanness and loves women who love women, while "a female to male transsexual feels like an alien in a woman's body and longs to be a heterosexual male."

A lesbian who wants to be a straight man would seem to be the antithesis of lesbianism, and dykes have never taken kindly to the concept of "male" lesbians. Thus, those who embark on the sex change path often find themselves out in the cold. Indeed, John says that the lesbian community is "the only place where I encounter hostility. They think I'm a woman so they think I'm a traitor."

Mickey considered the possibility that he wouldn't fit in to the lesbian community once he underwent his change, but hoped that his relationship would keep him secure within his circle. Since his relationship broke up, though he still has lesbian friends, he is no longer a part of that network and feels a sense of loss. The first time he went to a women's bar after the change, he phoned a friend and told her where he was. When she asked how he was being treated, he joked, "They're ignoring me just the way they always did."

Manx still goes dancing in women's bars. With his chameleon-like appearance, he's often taken for "a cute butch." He says hostility usually takes the form of lesbians asking him how it feels to have male privilege.

Male Privilege

The majority of FTMs resent the assumption that they've changed as a solution to sexism. "If they're becoming a man to get male privilege," says John, "they can forget it. Most states won't change your birth certificate—it's sometimes harder to get your identification in line than it is to get your body in line, except in California, where they have very enlightened laws."

John seems to have overlooked the fact that male privilege isn't about having valid identification. When pushed on the subject, he insists that his male persona brings him no social benefits whatsoever. But despite his vehement disclaimers, in *Rites of Passage* , an FTM newsletter he almost single–handedly produces and distributes, John refers to testicles as "the family jewels," and he considers having a crotch bulge so important that he outlines

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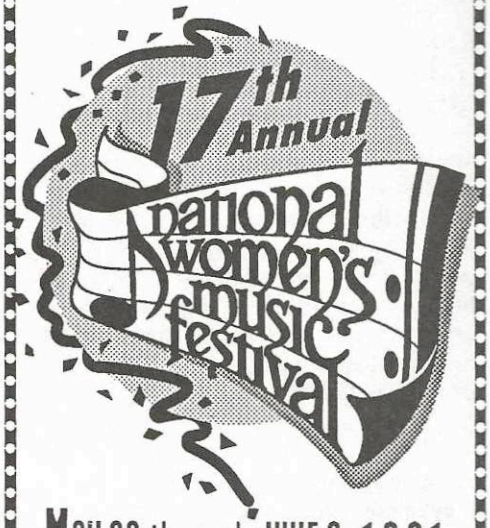

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methods of stuffing one's pants or creating penises from fabric. Other contributors to *Rites* worry about such matters as appearing "unmanly" if they sit down to urinate. Additionally, in the song he wrote for *Linda/Les & Annie* John's lyrics boast, "I've got the best of both worlds, so I'm one up on you." He says that the song was written for Les, to reflect Les' experience, and is not one he would perform himself.

The video has sparked some controversy in the FTM community. When it was shown at a meeting in San Francisco, people were appalled by the fact that Les had undergone an unheard–of twelve operations and were worried that he, with his flaunting of male privilege and stereotyping of lesbians, would be seen as representational of all FTMs. While Mickey and Manx say they appreciate Annie Sprinkle's efforts to educate the public, they're concerned about the stereotypes perpetuated in the video. Mickey feels that many of the attitudes expressed by Les, a New York biker, reflect "a class difference. I think he's operating in a world that is much more gender typed." Manx says he understands what Les is going through because during his first year as a man he spent a lot of time figuring out how not to "act appropriately just to fit in to the patriarchy as a man. Les will probably go through more changes."

There's no denying that, while FTMs may reap some social benefits of manhood on a superficial level, these are far outweighed by their lack of legal status as transsexuals. If known to be transsexual, and discriminated against in areas such as housing or employment, they have virtually no legal recourse. They cannot sue on the basis of gender, sexual orientation, or handicapped status. Because of the lack of legal protection, transsexuals wanted to be included in the recent American Disabilities Act of 1990, but Jesse Helms effectively crusaded to exclude them. In fact, they are specifically excluded from this act not once but twice: in a separate section labeled "Transsexuals" and again in the section listing other exclusions such as gays and bisexuals, pedophiliacs, compulsive gamblers, and voyeurs. Norm Nickens of the San Francisco Human Rights Commission says that attempts to raise constitutional issues in such cases have been largely unsuccessful.

Sexual Orientation

Since 75 percent of FTMs want to relate to women as men (the other 25 percent actually identify as gay men), the pool of potential partners is somewhat limited. Lesbians don't want to sleep with men, and most straight women want "the real thing," that is, a fully functioning cock. A study done of female partners of FTMs by Dr. Richard Green at UCLA shows that they're often women who want to be with "penisless men." FTMs who previously lived as lesbians—there are no accurate statistics, but estimates are that around 50 percent of FTMs were lesbians — may find it difficult to relate to heterosexual women.

"Culturally I still identify as a lesbian," says Mickey. "Straight women just don't know certain things, they don't perceive things in the same way. If I were to have a relationship with someone it wouldn't matter if she identified as straight, gay or bi, if she was interested in me, but I would prefer not to have to educate her politically."

John, who is bisexual, puts off telling his partners about his transsexualism until they're already smitten, and even then maneuvers things so that his genitals are covered and not engaged during sex. As to whether or not this is deception, John feels "It's my genitals that are dishonest. The truth is that I'm a man. I'm not gonna tell them I'm a woman because I'm not." He seldom experiences rejection once a person discovers the whole truth, because he's already been accepted. He also doesn't expect or want his partners to interact with his genitals; he usually masturbates once they've been satisfied. "That's one of the advantages of being like me. I'm not penis focussed and that makes me a better lover than most guys." John does use dildos, which he calls "prosthetic penises," and goes out of his way to find those that best approximate the real thing.

Randy also uses dildos. "My dildo is my dick, it's not just a sex toy." Like John, Randy doesn't tell his partners until it becomes necessary. "I figure if they're coming on to me, that's their problem. It's not my responsibility to tell them." Though he's had a couple of rejections, he usually gets a positive reaction from women. Randy has also had a few relationships with pre-operative male-to-female transsexuals, but has a problem with them because "I'm a little jealous of their dicks."

In *Linda/Les and Annie*, Les fucks Annie by inserting a plastic rod into his hollow cock. During intercourse the rod accidentally pops through the condom and into Annie's cunt. Despite technical difficulties, Annie claims that as a bisexual woman she's found the ideal partner.

Manx was involved in a lesbian relationship prior to the change, which his partner supported and accepts. Mickey's partner also encouraged the change; but when she found herself in bed with a man, she freaked out and terminated a thirteen-year relationship that had included two children. Devastated, Mickey hasn't had sexual encounters since the breakup. He is unsure what the future will bring, pointing out that he knows how to come on to women as a lesbian, but not as a man. "I've seen how women react to guys who come on—like they're jerks. I don't want to be perceived that way." As a result, he says he's "paralyzed."

However, he does masturbate. He notes that he used to have multiple orgasms, which stopped for awhile after beginning testosterone, and now it takes much longer for him to come. But other FTMs have said the reverse—that they previously had trouble coming, and after hormone treatment this changed.

Mickey did have some partnered sexual experience before the break-up of his relationship, and reports that the first time he had sex after testosterone he felt her body in a new way: their differences were accentuated, "and it was magnificent."

Unlike John or Randy, Mickey plans to tell potential partners the truth. "It's an awkward thing, but before I got into the position of being naked I would tell them that I don't have what they expect."

What they expect, of course, is a real cock. "I have a real cock," says Mickey. "But if you're going to be a size queen, there's nothing I can do about it."

The Future

Gender reassignment is a growing social phenomenon. Dr. Stanley Biber, who has performed over 2,000 FTM surgeries over the last twenty years, says that formerly there was a one-in-ten ratio of FTMs in the transsexual population but that this is rapidly changing. The number will soon equal their male-to-female counterparts, "especially once we get the procedure perfected." Speculation is that within the next ten years this should be accomplished, despite the fact that not as much research is devoted to FTM gender reassignment as to male–to–females. Notes John, "There's a lot more money in that community." Additionally, John feels that surgeons are more threatened by creating penises than by castrating transsexual men, since they view the latter as less than men to begin with.

It seems likely that as more and more people become aware that they can change their sex, more will. After all, transsexuals of both persuasions have existed through-

out history, though they may only have been able to cross-dress and "pass." Instances of such people abound in all cultures from Vita Sackville-West who traipsed around Europe in drag at the turn of the century, to American journalist Babe Bean a.k.a. Jack Bee Garland, who is the subject of a recent book by gay transsexual activist Lou Sullivan. More recently, jazz musician Billy Tipton was revealed upon his death to be anatomically female. When Tipton's story hit the news, gender dysphoria programs were deluged with calls for applications from people who decided they didn't want to deliver that kind of shock to their families upon death.

Despite this increasing phenomenon, very little is known about FTMs, which is hardly the case with male–to–female transsexuality; Christine Jorgensen and Renee Richards are practically household words. Manx attributes this invisibility to the fact that what women do isn't seen as so important, even when they're becoming men.

Like most people, I knew very little about FTMs at the start of this project. I had the preconception that they were self–hating women who mutilated their bodies in a desperate attempt to escape gender constrictions and sex role stereotyping. I never would have anticipated that in a few short weeks I'd look at the bigendered Manx with an exhilarating sense that I was witnessing a new phase of human evolution.

Part of my turnaround has been due to education, but most of my process has been on an experiential level. To be in Mickey's presence is to have one's assumptions and opinions about gender constantly challenged. I'll be listening to him, experiencing him wholly as a man, when I'll catch a glimpse of the woman in him. Suddenly all the tired stereotypes about gender clash against the very essence of this human being, setting off an explosion in my mind that takes minutes to recover from and hours or days to integrate.

That's called consciousness expansion, and FTMs seem uniquely qualified to serve as catalysts for such a process. As Mickey says, "Yeah, there are some macho jerks who've gone overboard, but many of us have highly developed feminist consciousness. We came from the lesbian community, and we support lesbian and gay issues even though we identify as heterosexual men. We're a bridge. We are shamen. We are the transformation people, the people who see both sides." Δ

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APRIL SHOWERS *(from page 30)*

"I wasn't staring," I heard myself say in a timid voice I barely recognized.

"Yes you were."

She was right, of course. At this point I dared not look at her. The heat of her presence was far too intense for me to try and fake composure.

"Well, I guess I was staring because it's raining hard and you're not carrying an umbrella. You're soaked."

A thin grin cracked her face. "I love the rain."

That's when I detected the scent. It was a strong fragrance that penetrated me; I could almost taste it. I strained to see more of the face camouflaged behind the dark shades and long ebony hair.

Was she straight, or eccentric? I couldn't tell. She was wearing an $800 trench coat and a $250 scarf; I figured she could afford to be anything she wanted. Her looks, style, perfume, and weirdness drank me in like a hard thirst.

Not sure if a dialogue was to continue, I dragged my grape–laden basket and other packages into the market, hoping she would follow. I could no longer concentrate on shopping. This peculiar stranger had taken hold of me.

Walking down the beverage aisle, I saw her from the corner of my eye. Her cart was filled with several bottles of spring water, seltzer, and cranberry juice. There was a smirk on her pretty face.

"Who are you grinning at?" I asked. It was risky, but worth a try.

"You know who," she shot back.

"Is there any particular reason why?"

She shook her head almost sarcastically. In the light, I saw that she was even more ravishing than I'd imagined. Her eyes, even through the sunglasses, were unmistakably seductive. Her magnetic stare travelled from the top of my cap to my tattered thrift shop leather jacket and jeans, down to my weather–beaten cowboy boots. I felt compelled to examine myself, to make sure nothing was in ugly or inappropriate disarray.

"Of course there is. But I'm not sure you can handle it."

She *was* cruising me! All thoughts of this woman being on the straight and narrow quickly evaporated.

"Handle it?" I laughed to myself. "Huh, you must like what you see." By now she was eyeing me so hard I thought I might fall down from the intensity.

"I like it a lot," she whispered.

"How much is a lot?"

"I'd like to show you," she said, tilting her head suggestively.

This was the quickest pickup I'd had in years. Maybe I should be ashamed to admit it, but nothing about this woman frightened me. I was ripe for some excitement.

"Live around here?" I asked.

"We'll go to my place," she said. It wasn't a question.

"Of course."

We paid for our purchases in silence. All the while I kept wondering if I was making a mistake—after all, she could be some freak. But her scent entranced me, and being near her was consuming me with a strange passion. This did not feel like an ordinary pickup.

Outside the rain was still coming down hard. She walked right out, still seemingly oblivious to the elements.

"Please, my umbrella is big enough for us both. Get under," I offered, extending my elbow.

"I told you before. I love the rain. What's your name?"

"Sabrina."

"My name is April. I'm on 79th and West End."

Automatically I thought, this sister must be bad! She was living on some pretty expensive real estate. I already knew from her attire that she lived lavishly. I wondered what her story was.

"April, what do you do, I mean, for a living?"

She sort of laughed; a deep guttural sound that caught me by surprise.

"That's not important."

"Why, because you say so?"

"Yes."

"I see. So we're playing by your rules."

"There are no rules, Sabrina. I don't have to answer to you or anyone else. I do as I please. I apologize if that might sound trivial, but let's not complicate matters."

I was beginning to think that cruising was something she did frequently.

We got to her building which, of course, was immaculate. West End Avenue has got to be one of the most beautiful residential streets in Manhattan. The continuity of the architectural elegance and sophistication of the residences could charm the most severe critic. The doorman opened the door and quickly hustled the packages out of her hand.

"Good evening, Ms. Esmond," he said sheepishly, trying not to be obvious as he eyed me.

April didn't respond. She simply walked into the antiquated elevator with a powerful dignity. I followed.

Once inside the apartment she excused herself, disappearing quickly through one of the numerous entrances inside what appeared to be a suite. I tried not to be obviously impressed by the space. It was filled with creative energy. Two life-sized sculptures of female nudes were strategically situated at either side of the entrance to the living room. Originals by Basquiat, Haring and Mapplethorpe hung on the long white walls. A massive crystal antique chandelier hung from the sixteen-foot ceiling, outlined by a dramatic spiral staircase of gleaming green marble. The furniture was a mad mix of 18th century antiques and 21st century *Elle* . Mesmerized, I sought refuge on an overstuffed leather chair, feeling her presence but unable to see her.

Suddenly she reappeared. Nude. Gone was the wet trench coat and sunglasses. Gasping for air, I took the glass of Cristal water she offered and drank, my eyes fixed on two perfect spheres that teased my salivary glands. My mind drifted to images of them melting in my mouth like hot caramel.

Her curves were delicate. The hips pinched in, surrounding a flat stomach and a picture–perfect naval. April's body was obviously the model for the sculptures. Not a flaw. Her skin was cafe au lait, even and creamy. I was paralyzed.

After some dreamy and sexy stares and two bottles of Cristal, we found ourselves in her king–sized brass canopy bed, set in the center of the bedroom. The brass railings were draped with long sweeps of champagne–colored silk. Lush bouquets of wild orchids in deep crimson and lavender filled every corner of the room in crystal Tiffany vases. The scent was overwhelming. Champagne–colored candles gave the room an eerie, yet utopian effect. This was one sexy bedroom.

Our bodies meshed together in a tight, sweaty cluster of female lust. The carnal energy we exchanged was volcanic. Her mouth, her lips, her tongue orchestrated the very being of my sensuality, bringing me to the highest level of physical euphoria I'd ever experienced. My orgasms steadily increased in intensity and volume.

But she didn't come. Though she continued to flood me with pleasure, my efforts to reciprocate were useless. April seemed to be happy with this arrangement. I might have been also; however, I sensed from her strangeness that this was not so cut–and–dried.

Locked in a hot embrace after what felt like my 150th orgasm, she disentangled her arm and reached for the

bottled water on the nightstand. It was the second time she'd offered me water since we'd been in bed.

"I don't want any more water," I whispered into her ear, my fingers teasing strands of her long, silky hair.

"Why not? It's good for you. Have some more," she purred. Her tongue, smooth and soft as velvet, moved slowly around her lips. My clit felt as if it were trying to jump from between my legs. How could I resist?

After I drank, she rewarded me by grinding her cunt all over my body in some hot, relentless frenzy that left me breathless and sore. After some forty-five minutes of this she positioned herself beneath me. I moved my hips in a circular motion, causing April to buck and shudder, close to the brink of ecstasy. Just as I was about to go down and take her juicy love cherry with my tongue, her moans turned into words I began to understand.

"Please do it. Please do it to me, honey."

It felt good to have her sliding around in my hands, and neither of us wanted to stop what we were doing. But then I saw a strain on her face which I couldn't decipher.

"Piss on me, goddamn it! Drench me, Sabrina!"

Needless to say, I was caught way off guard. Was this woman serious? Through the intensity of the moment, it all came rushing back to me. The bottled water on the nightstand. The two bottles of Cristal. The shopping cart loaded down with Evian and cranberry juice. The rain.

Though my bladder was full, I was afraid to honor her request. But when her fingers began jabbing me internally in some hot fit, I had no choice but to oblige. The amber fluid rushed from my body in a warm gush which caused her moans to turn ecstatically ferocious. She bathed in it, her hands moving gently upon me, though she was coming fast and strong. Her body appeared to go into convulsions.

It took her nearly twenty minutes to come down. Afterwards, I lay there holding her, on silk sheets saturated with my urine, very disturbed, and yet strangely satisfied.

• • •

Some months have gone by. Though I wouldn't consider a relationship with someone like April, sometimes thoughts of her drift into my mind from nowhere. One rainy evening I was going home after a friend's recital at Julliard. It wasn't raining hard, but I sure could have used an umbrella. Δ

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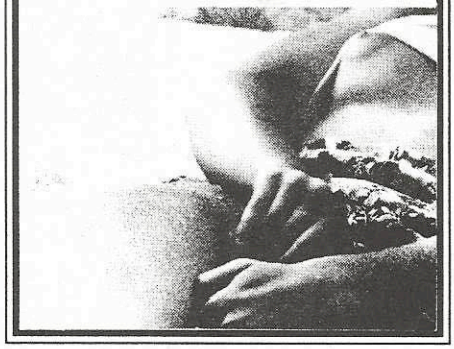

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Neikrug Photographica Ltd. is accepting entries for the 16th Annual "Rated X" Exhibition. B&W or color, humorous to sado-masochistic or fetish, *we look at everything erotic!* Write for guidelines, or send your work with a prepaid easily returnable package to: Neikrug Photographica Ltd., 224 East 68th Street, NY, NY 10021. Tel (212) 288-7741 FAX (212) 737-3208. The show will run June 7–July 27. Deadline for review is May 18.

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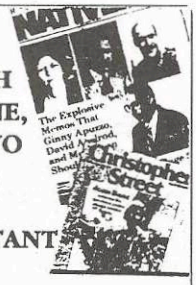

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PERSONALS
ON OUR BACKS

ON OUR BACKS PERSONALS ARE FOR WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN ONLY

ROMANTIC BUTCH WANTS LADY
26, cute weight lifter, wants to shower her lady with affection and attention. Whatever your dreams are babe, I will make them come true. Photo optional. Box 763.

CHEERFUL PERVERT SEEKS FUCKFRIEND
Twisted, sarcastic, good-hearted troublemaker, 29, seeks kindred spirit for sexual friendship. I prefer screwing people I actually care about, but I'm happy being single and don't want a wife. I like words, minds, disturbing music, S/M (I'm a switch) and laughing 'til my stomach hurts. I dislike television, monogamy, cauliflower, and the Los Angeles Dodgers. Special weaknesses for women with grey hair, nice asses, and/or motorcycles; however, these are not requirements, and anyone who laughed at this ad is encouraged to respond. SF Bay area, please. Box 758.

EL CERRITO COUPLE
You answered my ad, but I lost your letter! I know, I'm bad. You can punish me if you like. Seriously, I really would like to meet you. Please write again. Cheerful Pervert, Box 758.

WRITE AND SEE
PNW couple wants erotic/platonic correspondence with other lesbians. We're into clean mountain air and hot sex; not drugs or pessimists. Box 793.

LOOKING FOR A DADDY?
Young NYC Daddy-to-be seeks Boy-in-training. You are into: genderplay, fetishes, SM. Not required but wonderful if you're also into moderate to heavy pain, exhibitionism, genuine submission, or if you are bi. No nicotine addicts, closet cases or man haters. Let's play with people's heads and then take it home for some hot lesbian Daddy/Boy action. Looks are meaningless, but I need to know what's in your head. Note: femmes have a special place in my heart as well! Box 794.

ATLANTA FEMME SEEKS BUTCH
Pretty, 34, submissive femme seeks masculine butch for erotic correspondence, romantic encounter. I am soft, sensuous, straight-looking. Likes: a butch woman who is tough tender, affectionate, stimulating conversation, Draakar cologne, belly laughs, onion bagels, intense cursing for no reason, bedtime stories and long, deep kisses. Let me show you Atlanta—First National Lesbian Conference, April 24-28, PO Box 48567, Atlanta, GA 30362.

ULTRA FEMME WRITER WANTS SLAVES
25, tall, slender, shared, gorgeous, controlling, nasty teaser seeks correspondence and obedience from submissive femme sex-toy sluts who dare. Do it slow. Box 797.

OH WHIMPER. AH PLEASE
Tie me up. Spank me. Fuck me. Cut off my lace and make me beg between your leather boots. I seek a position as your personal live-in servant. Box 798.

LOOKING FOR SUCCESSFUL GWF FOR TRAVEL
Young, 22, white, can be anything to GWF for that runaway trip. Ski house, beach house, cruise, you name it. Can pay my own half, let's just do it! Box 800.

LIPSTICK LESBIAN
Seeks womyn in the SF area for fun and friendship. Will be relocating in Aug. 91. Who knows? I may be the womyn of your dreams! Write today! Box 799.

3 CLITS FROM COLUMBUS
Looking for fun Bay area girls visiting the Midwest. One towering, very wet, long legged dyke; one big busted blond bombshell bisexual dyke; and one big busted g-string clad latino bi-het, into lipstick and combat boots. Send letter and photo. Box 801.

CENTRAL FLORIDA
Attractive, intelligent semi-femme (35) looking for tall butch with sense of humor, touch of aggressiveness, maturity and intelligence. I am financially secure, slim, adventurous with a desire to try light s/m and other new games. Box 802.

BUTCH TOP
Cute, 27, but strong (5') seeks femme bottom for lasting relationship. Not into s/m, fisting, pain, smoking, drugs, or heavy drinking. Likes the outdoors, biking, walks, music, (rock and jazz), conversation. If you like dildos, write. Monogamy required. Please send photo. Box 803.

GF 23 SMALL FEMININE
Quiet, waitress/student lives simple rural life. Wants older lesbian, butch, affectionate "deep" loving with mind of her own. Box 804.

POP MY CHERRY
Yes, it's true! I'm the last San Francisco lesbian virgin. Oh, I've experienced may of the diverse delights of lesbian love, but no one has taken me to its deepest (wildest?) realms. Any ideas? Any volunteers? Respond describing what a cherry popping adventure would be like with you. Help me stretch beyond this virgin state! Box 805.

U LIGHT OF HEART SWEET
Sewing, cooking, household procurer, eager to please, desirous to give. Private room/privileges provided in my warm climate E. Coast home, (ocean front). Petite/non-smoker, concubinicle capacity a considered yet not necessary plus.—Long term. 778 Folly Rd., Suite #415, CH, SC 29412 Box 806.

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BRITISH BABE
Young, inexperienced, loves all women especially long-haired femmes. Interests: golden showers, orgies, vibrators. I've not tried nearly as much as I'd like. Big tits a bonus, bi's, likes all women, very welcome. Box 796.

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1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:

- your return address at the top left corner,
- her box number in the lower left corner, &
- a first class stamp at the top right corner.

If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

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AD DEADLINE APRIL 1, 1991

PERSONAL: $15 FIRST 30 WORDS, 40 CENTS PER ADDITIONAL WORD, $2.00 FOR BOLD HEADLINE.

HEADLINE _____ *(4 words max.)*

NAME _____

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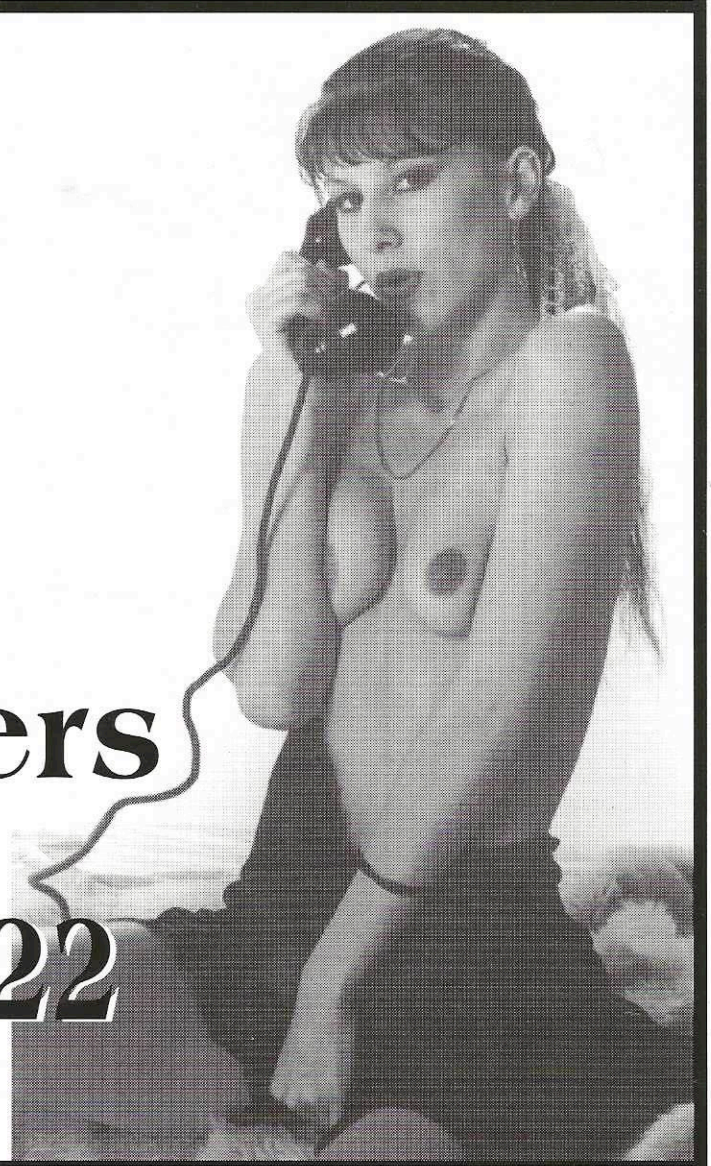

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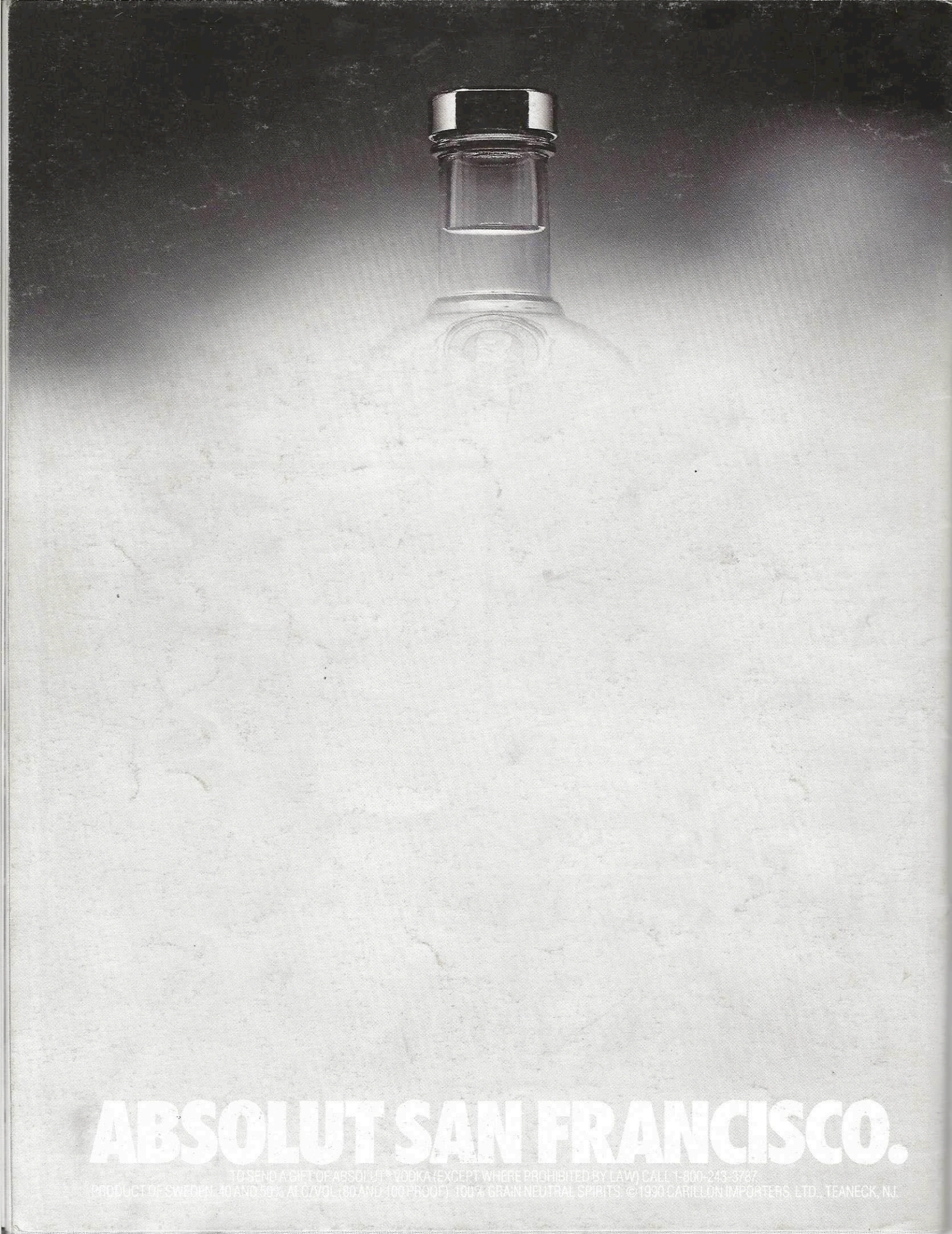
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